

WEEKLY

JULY 23, 1956

SPORTS

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



It's a somewhat special woman's world which Betty Hicks describes in this issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* as she brings her own wide personal experience to bear on the subject of professional women golfers. But it would be hard to find anywhere a more competitive one. Her forthright article will surely resolve the doubts of any

who think that the girls aren't in there playing to win.

Forthrightness is a feminine attribute which *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has long since come not only to enjoy but to expect in the mail it receives from its women readers.

The volume of this mail is a reliable indication of the extent to which women and sports have got together: more than one third of our letters come from women. Many simply ask how to get things mentioned in these pages—from bathing suits to dachshunds and from Mexican wedding shirts to hotel reservations in colorful Acapulco. But there are others who throw us into a swift brace.



From Medford, Mass.: "I think you're the best sports magazine alive, but I have a large bone to pick with you." (About our roller skating coverage.)



From Indianapolis: "This is the third letter I've written you and by golly—this time, I'm really going to mail it!" (More motorcycling, please!)

From Jacksonville, Fla.: "I'm indignant." (We didn't say enough about the Gator Bowl game.)

Still, for plain outspokenness, few can match this communiqué from Long Beach, Calif.: "My husband buys *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* each week, and I steal it!"

Women, of course, account for a large number of the holders of guest membership cards at J. P. Marquand's Happy Knoll Country Club. Judging by a letter from Mrs. Lydia Felton, a member's wife, to the chairman of the board of governors, they are also intent on making a few changes around the place (see page 26). It would be hazardous to think they can fail, in the light of Mrs. Felton's firm conclusion, "Happy Knoll may be a Man's World, but never forget for an instant that there are women in it."



It's impossible to speak for Happy Knoll's chairman, who is probably still trying to figure out a suitable answer, but speaking for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, it's the last thing in any world we'd want to forget.



Harry Pillsbury



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COVER: ADIOS HARRY
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Every time he goes to the post this season, Adios Harry is a reasonable bet to establish another world record. At the moment he holds 17, including a remarkable 1:55 for the mile. Harry is also the most erratic champion the sport of harness racing has ever seen and a constant problem to his driver, Luther Lyons. For the reasons why, see page 42.

CASEY PUTS IT ON ICE

The American League pennant race is over. By ROBERT CREAMER

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SPORTS
 ILLUSTRATED



IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BREAKTHROUGH FOR THE BRAVES

Powered by Joe Adcock and inspired by a new and cheerful Fred Haney (right), Milwaukee surged into first place in the National League last week. Can they stay there? Roy Terrell tells how—and how long



HOTBOX



The Question:

Would you like to see Babe Ruth's home-run record broken? (Asked at the All-Star Baseball Game, Washington, D.C.)

TED WILLIAMS

Boston Red Sox Outfielder



I think Babe Ruth's record is a sort of shrine to a great slugger who some say is the greatest player of all time. But don't get me wrong. I'm not against anyone breaking this record. The right player in the right home park is going to do it. Mickey Mantle has the best chance now.

TED KLUSZEWSKI

Chicagoland Redlegs First Baseman



Certainly. I'm hoping someone will break Babe's record this year. That's the game. What are we playing for? Wouldn't it be silly to hit 60 home runs and then say to yourself, "Gee, I can't hit another. I'll break the Babe's record." Even Babe Ruth would grin at that one.

MRS. THEODORE R. McKELDIN

Baltimore



No. That would be a shame. Babe's record should never be broken because he made today's game what it is. Governor McKeldin violently disagrees with me in spite of the fact that Babe Ruth was a product of Baltimore, a graduate of St. Mary's School in a neighborhood we both know well.

STAN MUSIAL

St. Louis Cardinals First Baseman



Yes. Records are just records. What good are they if they can't be broken? In that case, why keep records? We get a great kick when someone breaks a record. That's the American way of life. One thing you can say for the great Babe. He really gave us something to shoot at.

BOB FRIEND

Pittsburgh Pirates Pitcher



No. Babe's record of 60 home runs is a standard everyone goes by, something that millions of fans think should stand as a monument to a baseball immortal. I certainly wouldn't want to be the pitcher who threw the 61st home-run ball. The one who does it will never be forgotten—or forgiven.

GEORGE STREETS

Meyer of Enid, Okla.



Although Babe Ruth's record is a shrine to many Americans, never to be broken, I'm more militantly loyal to Oklahoma than Texans are to Texas. It will be great if an Oklahoman breaks the Babe's record. Mickey Mantle, from Commerce, Okla., has the best chance to break it this year.

MRS. FORD FRICK

Bronxville, N.Y.



Frankly I wouldn't. I knew Babe for many years. Ford and I regarded him as a close friend. He was an impulsive, overgrown boy. To know him was to love him. In prior years, I've had a sinking feeling in my heart when great sluggers like Hank Greenberg and Ralph Kiner got near Babe's record.

ROBERT HUMPHREYS

Frankford, Ky. U.S. Senator



Certainly. I would like to see any of our boys break any record. Today baseball is better than ever. Life expectancy is longer, and our athletes are bigger, stronger and faster. That's why we now have more home-run hitters than in Babe Ruth's day. His record may be broken this year.

MRS. HERBERT C. BLUNCK

Washington, D.C. Hotel manager's wife



Oh, no, no, no! Babe Ruth's record is just something you just cling to. Baseball wouldn't be baseball if the Babe's star should dim. It will, too, if his home-run record is broken. Sure, we're improving in everything, but please, please let Babe's record stand.

NEXT WEEK:

What is the appeal of the sports car and what is its future in American life?

(postponed from this week.)

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CASEY PUTS IT ON ICE

The All-Star Game marks the halfway point of the season. It was a good game, followed by a good baseball week—one of heroics, arguments and oddities. Milwaukee opened daylight at the top of the National League standings. Old Mel Parnell earned a \$500 raise by pitching a no-hitter, and Robin Roberts shut out the powerful Redlegs in 56 minutes. At Wrigley Field the bean ball made a brazen reappearance. Washington's Connie Grob won a game with one pitch, and in St. Louis there was a long rhu-barb when the umpires disagreed. But the biggest news item of the week was unmistakable: the Yankees are in.

by ROBERT CREAMER

SOMETIMES pennants are not won in July. Sometimes baseball teams labor and sweat on into late September, and muscles tire and stomachs hurt and the shadows grow long and cold over the grandstand before the game is won, the game that means it's all over, it's in the bag, the pennant's on ice.

The New York Yankees, however, won this year's American League pennant last week under a hot sun and a sultry sky in midsummer. There still remained almost a half season of play for the Yankees and for their only serious challengers, and you could hear the hoary warnings that the old ball game isn't over till the last out in the ninth, and, "I'll believe they've won the pennant the day they clinch it, and not before." But do not be misled. The false modesty of the victors and the false hopes of the vanquished won't alter a thing. Barring a miracle (and who ever heard of 1951?) the pennant race is over, no sudden losing streak or winning spurge from now through that last Sunday in September is going to change the American League entry in the 1956 World Series.

It may seem dull, a little later on, to have the pennant race over so early, but now, in July, it's vastly exciting. There are few teams in the history of major league competition who won a pennant more dramatically than this year's Yankees. Consider.

In June everyone was saying that New York was running away with first place. As the Yankees headed west

on June 15 they had a drab two weeks behind them—five victories and seven defeats—but they had lost only a game and a half of their lead and they were still five full games in front. In the west they swept three straight games from Cleveland and three straight from Detroit. They bowled into Chicago in style, like an American Army Corps in World War II moving into an undefended occupied town, all-conquering, cheerful, supremely confident.

But in Chicago were the White Sox, who refused to believe the Yankees had the pennant sewed up. They had been playing good ball. Their pitchers had been doing beautifully all season, and their hitters had shrugged off a disabling early slump. Now, with the addition of Pitcher Jim Wilson and Outfielder-First Baseman Dave Philley, the Sox knew they were a good, solid ball club. Other teams might grow pale when the Yankees came to town, but the White Sox waited in confident ambush in Comiskey Park.

They beat the Yankees four straight times. They walloped them Friday and Saturday and twice Sunday and turned the pennant race inside out in the most stunning upheaval of the season. They moved to within one game and only four small percentage points of first place, and they dragged third-place Cleveland to within 4½ games and fourth-place Boston to 7½. Baseball fans everywhere were thrilled: here was a brand-new pennant race. Excitement spread with electric speed through

the baseball-loving element in the population. It's a farfetched picture, admittedly, but it was something like the reaction to the Poznan riots in Poland: someone had rebelled against, the galling Yankee yoke, and perhaps now a new day was at hand.

But, like Poznan, it wasn't. It was magnificent, this Chicago uprising, but it was only a gesture. And it backfired. It turned the cheerful, confident Yankees into a grim, ruthless, retaliatory band of marauders. A sour Yogi Berra looked up at a reporter after the fourth straight Chicago triumph and grunted, "So what? They ain't gonna win the pennant."

The Yankees, agreeing to a man with Berra, went looking for every victory they could find. They leveled Kansas City three nights running; they shelled Washington three times in four games; they raced through Baltimore; they steam-rolled Boston twice in three games; they swung back to Washington and mopped up the Senators again, three straight times. They rested three days at All-Star time, and then they returned to the wars.

The Cleveland Indians, who had won 16 of the 20 games they played after the Yankees had beaten them three straight that time in mid-June, came into Yankee Stadium still mired in third place but still hoping, still fighting. They were to be followed into the stadium by the Chicago White Sox, who, too, were still hoping, still fighting. Successive sweeps in New York by

continued on page 6



The occasion produced a hero whenever the Yankees needed one. That has been the key to Stengel's pennant-winning drive. One such hero was Billy Martin, who bent the Indians with a 10th-inning clutch single off Bobby Feller. One of

the reasons for Billy's cheer goes back to his days as a skinny young rookie when Feller mistook him for the bal boy. A Martin, apparently, never forgets. "Boy, how I want to hit this guy," Billy muttered just before his blow against Feller.

CASEY'S PENNANT

continued from page 6

the Indians and the White Sox could snarl the race beautifully, but it turned out the sweeping was to be done by the Stengel broom.

The Yankees spotted the Indians a 3-1 lead on the first day and then battered their way back to win 9-5.

The next night in Yankee Stadium, before the second Cleveland-New York game, Broadcaster Red Barber asked a Cleveland sportswriter about the Indians' chances. "They're all through," the writer said flatly. "They haven't a chance. All they'll do from here on in is play out the schedule."

That night the Indians lost again, 10-0.

On Saturday the Indians tried a third time. They took a 3-0 lead, lost it, fell behind by a run and then tied the score in the ninth. But in the 10th, with the bases loaded, the Yankees' Billy Martin hit a sharp single into left for the winning run. On the scoreboard in center field the White Sox-Red Sox final score was outlined in lights: Boston had four runs, eight hits, one error; Chicago had no hits, no runs, no errors. It was more than a beating the veteran Mel Parnell had given them. The White Sox were the first club to be at the wrong end of a no-hitter at Fenway Park in 30 years. It was Chicago's sixth successive defeat. Coming at this particular point, it spelled humiliation and heralded the crash of pennant hopes.

The next day, Sunday, was the last gasp. Cleveland limped out of Yankee

Stadium and up to Fenway Park, only to split two games with the Red Sox, causing both teams to lose ground. In New York the White Sox met the Yankees in a double-header. Chicago lost the first game 2-1. In the second they opened up a 3-0 lead, but the Yankees, as always, scrambled back to tie it up. The White Sox held on, fought back, even as the Indians had a day earlier, and in the top of the 10th went ahead 5-4. But in the last of the 10th Jim Wilson walked Mickey Mantle, walked Yogi Berra and, after a sacrifice, walked Joe Collins, to lead the bases. He struck out Andy Carey, but then, off the endless Yankee bench, came Hank Bauer to pinch-hit. It was a strange situation, because no one seemed to doubt the outcome. If Wilson managed to get Bauer out and save the game it would be an upset, pure and simple.

He didn't. Bauer chopped a grounder into left, two runs scored, the Yankees won the game and the double-header, and for all practical purposes the pennant race was over.

The Yankees, after losing those four games in Chicago three weeks earlier, had won 17 of their next 19 games. They had extended their lead from four percentage points to 124, and their lead in games from a puny one to an overwhelming 10½.

What is the magic that explains this Yankee surge? Is it simply that the American League is so poorly stocked with player talent that one well-balanced club can tear it apart? And that in the National League the Yankees would be just another team?

One of the Yankee-chasing American



CASEY'S MAGIC earns another Yankee pennant, justifies this broad Stengel grin.

League managers laughed at that. "I don't really know the National League, at all," he said, "but I can tell you this. If the Yankees were in it, they'd be in first place there too."

The reason? "Talent?" the American League yelled. "The players. They got 'em and they get 'em. Stengel's got players on his bench who'd make a better team than some of the teams we have in the majors right now. How do they get them? They have good people and they work hard. And they have prestige: that Yankee name, those World Series' checks. You take a boy, has a chance to sign—for the same deal—with two or three different clubs and

HIGHLIGHT

Most of the excitement of pennant chasing in 1956 has been supplied by the tense National League race. At the halfway point the Milwaukee Braves unscrambled the standings momentarily to gain the biggest lead of the season for any one team (two games). But the league lead has already changed hands 16 times among five different teams. Until the end of June the first four clubs were never more than three games apart.

The Pittsburgh Pirates, surprise team of the league, found out how fast you can move around in this tight situation. It took them only 11 days to go from fifth to first place and a breathtaking three days to go back to fifth. The St. Louis Cardinals were never more than three games away from the lead until three weeks ago, but at the halfway point they seemed to be dropping out of the race.

Milwaukee has been the most consistent contender. Except for a brief two-week slump that dropped them sharply

to fifth place (they needed just two days to move back to first) they have been either first or second all season long. The Redlegs, handling first place like a sloppy catcher, have had the lead four times but have quickly dropped it each time. And always lurking dangerously in the back-ground were the erratic Brooklyn Dodgers.

The National League race has been thrown wide open this season by Brooklyn's inability to maintain last year's sizzling pace. A year ago the Dodgers had won 59 games and lost but 27. They were 11½ games ahead, and the pennant race was long since settled. At the same time, the Chicago Cubs had played far over their head and all other potential opposition was effectively stifled. This year the World Champions have won 16 fewer games and lost nine more and are five games away from the lead. With the Cubs playing at a more normal level, every other Dodger challenger, except the Giants, has picked up on last year's pace.

one of them's the Yankees. Who's he going to sign with? Us? You're darn right he isn't! It's the Yankees! Damn, no wonder they're so tough to beat."

he wants a player who can hit a ground ball to the right side with one out and a man on third base, he knows whether to use, say, Noren or Collins against a pitcher who tends to keep the ball low, say, or high.

that gave the Yankees the lead. The Indians tied the score in the ninth, but Martin, who went into the game as a fielding replacement for Carey, won it in the 10th. The next day, in the first game of the double-header with Chicago, Carey and Bauer were back in the lineup, and Carey drove in the winning runs. In the second game Bauer was on the bench again, but in the 10th inning, called on to pinch-hit, he delivered the game-winning hit.

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

HEROES AND GOATS



SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL

MACKINAC RACE



SET OFF AGAINST the skyscrapers of Chicago's famed downtown Loop district, 19 yachts from a field that annually averages more than 50 boats head out on the 333-mile race to Mackinac Island. The Mackinac (pronounced Mackinaw), billed as the longest fresh-water sailing event in the world, each year draws the finest skippers in the Midwest for a test of seamanship rivaling such salt-water classics as the Bermuda and Seattle's rugged Swiftsure.

This year's race, scheduled for July 21, already has more than four dozen entries, all of them aiming for the trophy won last time by Norman (Nubby) Sarns's 48-foot sloop *Reverby*. Then, after the race, the yachtsmen will treat themselves to a succession of parties aboard their boats and ashore on rustic Mackinac Island, where all auto traffic is forbidden and visitors ride from the docks in bicycles and colorful, horse-drawn carriages (see page 13).



CROSSING FINISH LINE after four days of racing up length of Lake Michigan, sailors get ready to drop spinnaker as they slide past Round Island light off Mackinac Island.



VICTORY PARTY gets under way in cockpit of winning boat *Reedley* as Skipper Norman Barnes, machine tool executive from Mt. Clemens, Mich., helps guest aboard.

SURVEY WITH A PRINCE on top gives Wilfred (Toot) Gmeiner, Mitzi and Nio Gebb lift to town. Taxis on Mackinac Island are horse-drawn, since autos are forbidden.





GRAND HOTEL on Mackinac Island is focal point of postwar activities. Cyclists above pedal past sweeping veranda, which management claims is longest in the world.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

LUXURIOUS VINDICATION IN WASHINGTON • THE TIME THE
BALL BOUNCED OFF THE BIG GUY'S TOE • TRAFFIC JAM •
LUNGHEON WITH BLINKY PALERMO • 70 MILES TO NOWHERE

ONE TO REMEMBER

Pride, the saying has it, goeth before a fall. But not always.

The pride of youth and strength and the pride of age and wisdom and the pride of the unjustly disdained were rampant at Griffith Stadium in the All-Star Game last week, and not since an athlete named Horatius stopped an army at a bridge a long time ago has the just pride of man in his ability been so luxuriously vindicated.

The National League, the better team in educated opinion, won, and it was a proud team. The youth and strength of Ken Boyer and Willie Mays and Roy McMillan and Johnny Temple was beautiful to watch (for a guest poet's impressions, see page 51), and the men from Cincinnatti played magnificently, to confute the sectarians who thought there were too many Red-legs on the squad.

If you saw it, you'll always remember the reaching line of Boyer's body as he flung himself at hard-hit balls and miraculously stopped them; Mays catching a ball in right field and throwing almost casually, the ball streaming in a flat trajectory to third, leagues ahead of the base runner, who wisely decided not to run; and Temple and McMillan, weaving a tight, wonderful leather net in the National League infield to cut off American League hits.

Maybe you'll remember better the duel of two of the great ones, still great in the first shadows of the dusk of their careers. That's Ted Williams of the Americans, futile twice at the bat, swinging with his cleanly articulated motion to drive the ball on a high, doubtful-to-the-last-minute arc into the center-field bullpen to the Stan

Musial for the lead in All-Star home runs and put the Americans back in the game. And Musial answering that with one of his own to take the lead back. Or, if you prefer, Musial coming in hard from left field, watching Ken Boyer move back, then catching Williams' drooping fly and dodging Boyer in nearly the same motion. He came close to injury, but got the ball.

And there was Mickey Mantle playing the full game in robustious pride of youth despite the hurt and limping leg, and whipping his bat around in a shimmering, solid circle to get his homer. It was a game for Horatio Alger to write about, and nearly everyone went home happy.

The Nationals, of course, won 7-3. But nobody lost.

VOICE FROM THE PAST

THE BIG GUY pitching for the National League reared back and threw with the beautiful, liquid motion he had, and the ball was a dim white streak, waist high in the strike zone.

The batter swung viciously, topping the ball a little and driving it back at the pitcher in a heartbeat of time, and the ball bounced off the big guy's toe and caromed crazily toward second base. Billy Herman grabbed it and threw to first base and the American League's Earl Averill was out, and the big pitcher was sitting on the ground both hands cradling a shoe full of pain.

That was 19 years ago, at Griffith Stadium in Washington, D.C., where
continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Quotes of the Week

California Governor Goodie Knight, after Southern Cal and California were penalized for overzealous football practices: "This whole ivory-tower business raises the hackles on my red-blooded neck." He proposed that the four California schools in the conference set up their own leagues. Retorted Oregon Governor Elmo Smith: "If California standards are incompatible with ours, maybe they should pull out."

• No-hit Run

Boston left-hander Mel Parnell beat Walt Dropo in a race to first base at Fenway Park to make the final putout in his 4-0 no-hitter against the White Sox, kept running right into the arms of General Manager Joe Cronin, waiting in the clubhouse with a \$500 bonus, reward for first Boston no-hitter since 1923.

• Safety First

One of the world's great sport car races, the grinding Pan-American, which twisted 2,000 tortuous miles from Mexico's southern border at Guatemala to the Texas border on the north and sometimes caused headline casualties, was "suspended indefinitely" by the Mexican government for "purposes of safety."

• Double Victory

Nashua and Swaps, running at opposite ends of the country, scored romping wins in the Monmouth Handicap and Hollywood Gold Cup, increased public hopes for another meeting of the two in the East this fall.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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another All-Star Game was held last week, and the big pitcher sitting on the ground nursing a broken toe was Dizzy Dean. The pitch he threw Averill was the last he was ever to throw with that easy, whiplash motion.

Dean was in his sixth year in the majors and he was 13-1 going into that All-Star Game. In the years just before, he had won 30, 28 and 24 games for the St. Louis Cardinals; he was 25 years old and just moving into the summer of what might have been the greatest pitching career of all time.

"I didn't want to go to that All-Star Game," Diz said the other day. "I had gone to St. Louis and figured on gettin' a few days' rest and Mr. Sam Breiden talked me into goin' on to Washington. I never did think much of All-Star Games, an' I played in four of them."

Averill was the third out in the third inning of the 1937 All-Star Game, and Diz had finished his three-inning stint. He had finished a great career, too, but he didn't know it.

"I figured I was hurt," Diz said. "I got kinda sick at the stomach the way you get when somethin' huris real bad, but I had my spikes laced real tight an' I didn't know how bad hurt I was until I took off the spikes in the clubhouse an' the toe started throbbin'. By the time we got on the train it had turned black and was all swole up and X-rays showed it was busted."

Diz rested 10 days before he tried to pitch again.

"I was headed for my greatest year," he said. "I won my 13th game on the Fourth of July and I was feelin' great. I was just 26 an' I had the best years of my pitchin' ahead. Way I figure, a pitcher's best years in the majors is from 26 to 32 and I was just gettin' into mine. Well, I tried to pitch in Boston against the Braves 10 days after the All-Star Game, wearin' a sprint on my left big toe. I couldn't step natural and I was off balance, an' that's when I ruined my arm for good. Never won another game that year and I didn't win too many from then on."

Dean had won 133 games before the accident to his toe. He won 16 after. Diz brooded a minute, thinking.

"Take Mickey Mantle," he said. "Why, he was crazy to play in that game. He could've wrecked that knee an' for what? A \$200 pension a month. He needs rest more than anything. Me, I wasn't eligible for the pension when I got hurt. Not that I need it. But all

I got out of the All-Star Game was the end of my pitchin' career just when I was goin' best.

"Here I was, feedin' great. Used to be I could throw to a batter's strength if I wanted to. You got natural ability and speed, and you don't have to pitch at spots. You just fire 'em in and you'll get 'em out. That's what I was doin' up until I got hit by that ball."

Diz stretched a little and flexed big hands, remembering the feel of blowing that fast ball by the batters.

"Take Mickey Mantle," he said again. "I'd pitch him tight an' inside an' I'd strike him out a lot."

Diz hesitated a second then and thought and some of the excitement went out of his voice. "That's what I threw Averill. Waist-high fast ball inside. An' he bit it right back at me."

TROUBLED WATERS

IN THE FIRST MONTH of summer the bays and rivers of America, where yachtsmen retreat from the danger of crowded highways, seemed to take on all the worst aspects of a downtown traffic tangle.

Item: in New York harbor the motor cruiser *Escape II* was carelessly reared across the bow of a tanker, was rammed and sunk. One person drowned. Shocked by the event, the New York City Council began discussion of tough speed laws



and licensing for pleasure boats, a matter since taken over by the state legislature.

Item: at Long Beach, Calif., two outboards collided with such force that one hurtled clear over the other. Injuries were only minor, but Commander Davidson of the 11th Coast Guard District thought it was high time some safety measures were taken. "Every American," he said, "is convinced he can drive a motorboat and ride a horse. We don't let people drive cars until they take a driving test. But anyone can go out in an outboard."

Item: a report from Idaho grinsely claimed the nation's highest percentage of boating accidents, and the *Lucky Peak* Boat Club of Boise formed a posse of powerboaters to drive more sense into the careening tangle of water skiers, racing inboards and trolling fishermen on *Lucky Peak* Reservoir.

Item: in Detroit an auto traffic judge was slapping fines on water-borne speed-

ers and ordering them off the *Detroit River*.

On July 2, for the first time since passage of the vague and now antiquated Motor Boat Act of 1940, the Federal Government stepped into the picture to try to bring some sensible order to a dangerous situation, and perhaps to head off any overstringent local regulations in areas where counties and states are already cracking down.

In response to a letter from Ralph Klieforth, president of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, Rep. Herbert Bonner (D-N.C.) called the first witness before a Congressional committee. The witness, Vice Admiral Alfred C. Richmond, commandant of the Coast Guard, echoed the complaint of Commander Davidson. "There is now no law," he said, "forbidding someone who doesn't know the first thing about boat operation from walking down to the Potomac and taking out a boat." He went on to say there were many people on the water "with only the sketchiest information concerning the . . . rules of the road . . . lights, safety equipment, effects of weather and so on."

Then Klieforth took the stand and recommended a law requiring "the numbering for identification purposes only of all pleasure boats powered by engine or motor."

With this kind of testimony in hand the committee packed up the hearings and prepared to head out on a tour of the principal yachting centers. So far they had no definite legislation in mind, but 25 million boating Americans hoped that by spring they would produce what Klieforth described as a "simple, nonrestrictive federal statute . . . which . . . will set a pattern for similar and uniform state statutes to follow."

SYRACUSE SALAD

WELTERWEIGHT Champion Johnny Saxton and his manager (is he or isn't he?) Frank (Blinky) Palermo sat down with the New York Boxing Writers at a midtown restaurant the other day for fruit cup, salad supreme, steak, coffee and a little plain talk.

The idea was to clear up some uncertainties about the Saxton-Carmen Basilio title fight planned for Syracuse in September. By the time they got through clearing things up with a little plain talk, the confusion was as supreme as the salad.

Saxton spoke for himself—as boxing commission Chairman Julius Helland

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"Couldn't you take us aboard first and let us explain later?"

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has ruled he must in New York, where Palermo is unlicensed. Johnny said he had not signed a contract to fight Basilio in Syracuse or anywhere else, yet:

"I might have a date with Mr. Jim Norris next week. My manager, Frank Palermo, will sit down with Mr. Norris, and we'll negotiate these plans for the fight with me and Carmen. Like to fight Carmen. No doubt in my mind. Think it will be a good fight, and I think that's what the public wants. I'm working on the basis of giving the public what they want. And that's my pure thought about it."

Saxton had some pure thoughts against fighting Basilio in New York State, but none of them touched on the fact that Manager Palermo cannot sign for Johnny there.

"I'll tell you one thing why I object to Syracuse," said Saxton. "I've boxed once before in Syracuse, but I feel this way: a man gets into the ring there, he feels . . . you learn you got the whole nation against him. I've always been knocked. Let's face it. Saxton's always been a bad guy. I haven't been on the good side of nobody. My ability stands for itself. I wouldn't be champion if I didn't have ability. But the Syracuse point is that I don't like to box there because I feel I'm not wanted. Don't want to go where I'm not wanted."

At this point a writer asked Saxton: "According to your statement over here, am I correct in stating you'll do nothing unless you're guided by your manager in these negotiations? Is that correct?"

"That's right," said Johnny, shooting a quick look toward Blinky, "he's been with me that long. He took me through to be a world's champion."

Another writer pursued the point: "You say, in effect, Johnny, that you'll not defend your title in New York if you have to sign your own contract?"

"Well, yeah, I'll make it that way."

Here Blinky, who had been shifting uneasily in his chair, jumped to his feet and took the floor.

"The question that Johnny Saxton is trying to bring out is this: that the business is too big a business for him to handle. . . . For me to tell you people again that Johnny is going to negotiate a big business which is going to involve an awful lot of money, the biggest payday that he's ever received, I'd be telling you a lie. Norris has to negotiate with me. . . . Then, after I negotiate with Norris, [Norman] Rothchild [promoter at Syracuse] will negotiate with

the fighter and the fighter will sign his own contract, after I tell the fighter."

A writer broke in:

"Blinky, I don't know. This doesn't make sense to us because Helfand says that you, Blinky Palermo, cannot sit down with Norris and negotiate for a fight in New York. On the other hand, you say you may fight in Syracuse."

"Now wait a minute," said Blinky. "We're not defying Helfand in this matter. Don't get me wrong. We're not defying Helfand. It's not a question, like I said before, that the license has anything to do with this matter. I said to you people that the money involved is too big for the boy to negotiate himself, and for him to tell people that he did it himself, you know he'd be lying. So, therefore, we want to put the cards on the table, that's all."

"I engaged a lawyer to negotiate for me and Johnny with our personal business. We'll do the business. Well, I'll do the business. But it's gotta be to the satisfaction of Johnny Saxton and to the benefit of Johnny Saxton and also to my benefit."

Saxton, by this time as bewildered as the rest, turned to a writer and asked: "Is he gonna sanction the fight up at Syracuse—Helfand?"

The writer said: "Of course he's gonna sanction the fight at Syracuse. Syracuse is in New York State, Johnny."

Helfand wasn't saying yes, and he wasn't saying no. But at week's end he had cleared up at least one point which has been bothering the boxing writers when he explained:

"When I made that decision [to allow Saxton to sign for his own bouts in New York] I was very careful that

there was nothing in there stating that Palermo or anyone else could not negotiate for Saxton—negotiate his contract for a fight with Basilio. I realize someone has to handle the business end. All I said Saxton must do is sign for himself."

"I took a lot of criticism trying to get Basilio a fair shot at regaining his crown. That was the whole idea behind my ruling on Saxton signing for himself. I thought Basilio deserved this break. Now someone has to complete the business details for this fight. I can't say any more than that, though, until contracts are signed and certified through my office, understand?"

We understand perfectly. Let's not blink at the fact, then, that Blinky is Johnny's manager, even in New York.

THE ARM AND THE CAST

AT SUNRISE on the banks of Lake Texoma, in the clear and motionless Texas air, a man stood casting, retrieving, casting again. A crow's call scratched through the daybreak quiet; the plug thumped into the water with a rich and heavy sound. It was a picture to lift a fisherman's heart, except that it wasn't quite what it seemed.

There were no hooks on the practice plug and no fish in the water, for the man stood beside a swimming pool instead of the nearby lake. A companion sat handy with a pocket clicker and a blackboard, counting casts. Bill Carter, 43, a Dallas fishing equipment salesman with a strong wrist and a flair for obscure knowledge, was out to see how many times a fisherman casts in a full day's fishing.

He kept plugging from sunup to sundown, a matter of 14 hours 14 minutes. After six hours at the swimming pool he stepped over to the lake and resumed casting there. Part of the time he worked from a straight-backed chair. Spectators came and gawked and wandered away; some of them said, "Well, I never!" and some of them asked, "Any luck?" Carter took a five-minute break to gulp a lunch of fried shrimp and iced tea, and that was his only pause.

At sundown he held what was described as "the first world record for casts in a single day"—8,453 of them, each of 50 feet or more, without a single backlash.

Next day, Carter admitted, "it was difficult even to lift a pencil." But someone lifted one for him to figure out that he had cast the plug once every 15 seconds, sending it out a total of about 35 miles and reeling it back 35 more.



FISHERMAN'S LUCK

Daddy's home from fishing,
Get out the frying pan;
And fix a stack of backbeats,
He's a very hungry man.

— F. B. WHITE

NEW KENTUCKY HOME

Fresh from a storm-tossing outside New York and casual as any veteran traveler in from overseas, the \$650,000 Irish stallion My Babu steps jauntily from his private plane to meet new owner Leslie Combs II (hat) and party

© Martin Jones



STORM ON

LONG ISLAND



A HEAVY SQUALL, unruly and unwelcome as a drunk at a tea party, clapped down hard midway in the opening day of

the 58th annual Larchmont (N.Y.) Yacht Club's race week. Two dozen small boats, including the entire Turnabout class of 13,



dipped like riddywinks in Long Island Sound. Among those bottoms up was A. E. Smith's *Thistle Healer* (above), out of the

BIG BLOWOUT FOR MIDWEST BALL FANS

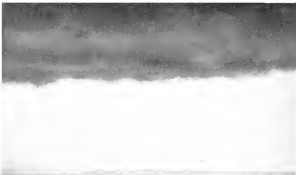
Ecstatic over Cincinnati's bulge on the All-Star roster, boosters flaunted names in Washington. But at week's end Milwaukeeans went them one better, danced in the streets as the Braves took over first place from the Redlegs



SOUND



Port Washington Yacht Club. Smith and his sons Donald, 17, and Richard, 15, hung on under the blackface sky until rescuers



saved all. The opener drew 378 boats, ranging from lordly International sloops to a blizzard of Blue Jays in the biggest turnout

since 1947. Nine units of the brand new 3.3-meter Olympic competition class showed up for their first national championship match.



WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

BATTER UP—



WHITE HOUSE IN CENTER FIELD



Television's narrow eye was focused on Washington last week for the All-Star Game, but what the people did not see on their screens was a city designed for pleasure as well as for government. The capital of the U.S. keynotes the midsummer play of the nation. Unawed by the great monuments all around them, youngsters in full baseball regalia play on lush diamonds near the looming back door of the White House—"Truman balcony," like putting green and all. For other vistas of the capital in summer, turn page

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE ARSMANN

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*



CAPITOL TENNIS

On public courts to west of Capitol, a player suitably dressed for heat joyously fades back for his return

PENTAGON NAVY ▶

In a quiet lagoon just off Potomac, fleet of private boats rests before center of action's military power





JEFFERSON PLUNGE

Classic dome of Jefferson Memorial rises behind splashing swimmers at public pool, one of eight in city

GOLFING TO THE DOME

Lefty home of Congress dominates sky to northeast as golfers swing down fairway of Mains Point course





ARE WOMEN PEOPLE AT HAPPY KNOLL?

At least one voluble faction thinks that they are not and, while the lady isn't threatening, things could be looking up for Hard Hollow

by JOHN P. MARQUAND

A letter to Mr. William Jonas, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club, from Mrs. I. J. Pelton, wife of Mr. I. J. Pelton, a member of the Happy Knoll Country Club.

My dear Mr. Jonas:

Although I do not know you personally, I am sending you this letter because I believe you to be chairman of the Board of Governors of the Happy Knoll Country Club. At least, when my husband pointed you out to me, he told me that you were, but then, Ingram is apt to be very inaccurate, on Saturday afternoons. However, you were on the 18th green, which is not far from the terrace where women are allowed to buy drinks and, judging from your restrained dress and manner, you may very well be what Ingram said you are. Also I feel impelled to write to someone in authority instead of entrusting my complaints to Ingram, who is never accurate when carrying messages even to a drugstore.

Briefly, I am writing to complain regarding the general situation existing in the ladies' locker room at the Happy Knoll Country Club—a region with which I cannot believe you are in the least familiar, and there are unfortunately no women as yet on any Happy Knoll governing board. Happy Knoll is, as Ingram reiterates, whenever I criticize the place, a Man's World, and for once I believe he is right, which leads me to ask a question before I lodge my series of just complaints.

Are women people?

Although Ingram tells me before you retired that you were a leading lawyer in New York City who has served on civic committees with women prominent in society and professional life, I fear I can foretell your answer. This makes no difference, since I know the correct one, from my experience as president of the Parent-Teacher Association, of the local League of Women Voters, and as a former president of the State Association of Garden Clubs. My answer is that in all the wide workaday world of give and take, including the United Nations and Bryn Mawr College, my alma mater, women are people—but not at the Happy Knoll Country Club. I know the reason for this as well as you, Mr. Jonas. Men, I have observed, are afraid of women who have ideas which are even remotely abstract. Society, as it was founded in my youth, and even more so in yours, Mr. Jonas, judging from my glimpse of you, was founded on that fear. Men retreated then to such places as the Happy Knoll Country Club and, I regret, continue this outmoded practice, except for a growing number of enlightened young couples who share the burdens of marriage equally, including dishwashing and the care and entertainment of infants. I am happy to perceive that a hint of this spirit is now infiltrating Happy Knoll by way of the younger set, but admittedly it is still far from prevalent. Yet women do have rights, Mr. Jonas, even at your

so-called country club, in spite of their lacking democratic representation save on the garden and decorating committees. And what, briefly, would you do without us? Have you ever pondered that question, Mr. Jonas?

STILL SECOND-CLASS CITIZENS

By statistics, more women than men use your tennis courts. Half the greens fees on the golf course are paid by women. Women pay more than half of the teaching fees collected by your professional, Mr. Muldoon; especially, if I may say so, Mrs. Meadows of the younger golfing set, who whenever I seek an hour's instruction is taking a playing lesson with Mr. Muldoon at some distant part of the course. This, you may say, is neither here nor there, but such facts reinforce my point that women more than share the financial burdens of Happy Knoll. The restaurant would perish without the patronage of Happy Knoll wives and their guests, and at long last you have displayed, though reluctantly, the acumen to admit women to the new bar. But in spite of the desegregation triumphs in the South we are still second-class citizens in your organization.

What is the reason for this, Mr. Jonas? Is it because my sex is socially unattractive as a group? Is it because women are not supposed to compete with men in outdoor sports? Physiologists are now proving that women are more robust than men, outdoors and indoors, Mr. Jonas. They have greater

qualities of character and endurance, can bear palm with a stoicism of which a male is incapable—and what man has ever borne a baby? Besides, the statisticians have now proved that a woman's life span is years longer, on the average, than that of the comparable male—and this is itself a factor in women's rights at Happy Knoll that has been overlooked by your governing board. Actually, the sums expended by Happy Knoll widows do more toward supporting the club than the low scale of dues extended your younger male members, though admittedly these individuals eventually may marry and thus finally contribute to the widow backlog. I therefore ask you again: Are women people? Are they or are they not useful to you at Happy Knoll? Or should they be confined in their suburban homes with their knitting, where a great many men, including yourself, I am afraid, Mr. Jones, appear to desire them?

SUSPICIOUS CONCESSIONS

I shall grant, as you will doubtless state in rebuttal, that you have made concessions to women and their wants at Happy Knoll. You have instituted the Saturday night dances, though more for your amusement, I fear, than ours, judging from the frequent rumors of near seductions which are said to take place in parked cars and in the improperly lighted shrubbery behind the tennis courts. It is true, also, that you have enlarged the restaurant and, because of pressure brought to bear by wives of bankers and others in higher financial brackets than those enjoyed by Mr. Felton and myself, have finally discharged your wretched cook, who was able only to prepare fried chicken and fattening French-fried potatoes. Nevertheless, the dining room and indeed the lounge, though recently redecorated in a vulgar manner under the auspices of a member (who I have heard pocketed her 33½% commission without a by your leave), still reeks of deep fat. It is true also that you have opened what you call, unoriginally, the mixed card room, as well as the mixed bar, where a woman may be seen without her husband with only a modicum of comment as long as she is not seen with someone else's, however platonic their relationship.

I do admit that such innovations, wrested from reluctant managements after struggles comparable to India's before she received her independence, do, in fact, exist. But what of other areas? What of the men's bar, where a generation of wives have met rebuff or

insult, depending upon the time of day, when they have attempted to inquire of their husbands' whereabouts? What of that frightful chamber of horrors known as the Pendleton Room, that has housed its grotesque collection of trophies won by Happy Knoll males since the inception of the club, and open only to Happy Knoll women on the occasion of the New Year's egg-nog? Golf, bridge and tennis trophies won by Happy Knoll women's teams are still in a state of segregation, standing inconspicuously in a glass case in the entrance hall beside the ladies' powder room. I shall conclude merely by confining myself to the men's locker room, of which Mr. Felton gives me many glowing accounts. Why is it that \$20,000 was voted last year for innovations in the men's room and only \$350 for the ladies? Are women people?

The dressing cubicles in the men's locker room, Ingram informs me, are

made of turned oak and resemble choir stalls. Near these stalls is a table containing assortments of baby powders, foot ease and hair ointments. These latter are necessary but, judging from the thinning hair at Happy Knoll, they have, to date, proved ineffective. Also, Ingram tells me, this commodious room has a new crimson carpet, and the benches in front of the modern noiseless lockers are lined with foam rubber. There are also occasional arm-chairs, each with its table for beverages, and a sideboard with real glasses and no paper cups. The shower baths, Ingram tells me, are beautiful, and my husband always uses restrained enthusiasm. There is some sort of composition on the floor, and he states that it is so effective that one can step on a cake of soap and still maintain one's balance, and a new appliance which prevents one's scalding oneself to

continued on next page



"Madame is as hot as a pistol."

HAPPY KNOLL

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death. There is also a cabinet for electrically warmed bath towels. I have sometimes thought that Ingram, when describing these innovations, has been "pulling my leg," but I doubt this because he is customarily factual and devoid of humor.

Believe me, I do not mean to denigrate the men's locker room, Mr. Jonas, but if it seems to arouse in me a spirit of wishful thinking, I must ask you to consider the women's locker room. Before entering this space, for your information, Mr. Jonas, one passes through a lobby or vestibule known among certain members of the club—I am sure I don't know why—as the ladies' rest room. No one could wish to rest there. This dingy cubicle is furnished with broken chairs and tables, discarded from happier parts of the premises. I only mention this because among the articles that have finally come to rest in this haven is a broken-backed tome entitled *Happy Days at Happy Knoll—1906*.

PERIOD PIECE

Having had the curiosity to peruse this item, I have learned that the wing of the club which shelters this annex was the original small building from which the rest of Happy Knoll has sprung. In those days the ladies' locker room was the men's locker room, a place where shoes were changed and in which two shower baths—something of an innovation in 1906—were installed. These were, and still are, operated by strings. In case you do not know it, this retreat has undergone no appreciable change except for successive coats of beige paint. Even the bulbs of the light fixtures which hang by frayed wires from the ceiling date back, I really think, to the inception of Mr. Edison's incandescent lamp.

There has only been one improvement, obviously thought up by some member on a forgotten committee who had been inspired by the sight of a chorus girls' dressing room in the motion pictures. A long glass-covered powder table with a series of mirrors has been installed against one of the blank walls as far as possible from any light, either natural or artificial. Years of lipstick decorate its surface, as do flocks of paper cups used by the younger Bermuda-shorts set. After all, women—especially the modern ones—can sometimes be as thirsty as men, Mr. Jonas. You may well ask if the place

is never put in order. I should, on the whole, say it is not, because it is presided over by a so-called maid named Doris, an elderly woman whose chief interest is to see that nothing remains in the paper cups, especially after tournaments. Need I go on, Mr. Jonas?

I fear I have gone too far already, since I have so often been reminded (as I have mentioned before) that it is a Man's World at Happy Knoll. I suppose we should be grateful that we are allowed to play on the links at all. Of course, we all understand that golf is a man's game and that naturally we should never play it on Saturdays and Sundays when men, who are the breadwinners of the American family, require the course for male rest and relaxation. If they are breadwinners, I should like to ask you parenthetically how it happens that 65% of America's wealth is in the hands of women, and not men? Still, naturally, men should use the golf course and the Pendleton Room and the men's dining room and the men's bar and the men's veranda, because it is a Man's World.

Consequently, please forgive this letter, but permit me only one more remark, simply because women are

conventionally believed to have the last word. Old fogeys like you may not realize it, Mr. Jonas, but times are changing. In other places than Happy Knoll women are gaining their rights and are maintaining them. I know the burst of male guffaws when the Hard Hollow Country Club is mentioned, Mr. Jonas, but I may tell you that it is a forward-looking place. There are two women on Hard Hollow's board of governors, and a woman is now in nomination as vice-president of Hard Hollow. This may either shock you or excite your risibility, but results are already evident. The ladies' locker room at Hard Hollow is being redesigned by an interior decorator closely connected with the New York Museum of Modern Art. No wonder that the gayer and more successful of our young married couples are trending toward Hard Hollow. The course is open to all on Saturdays and Sundays too and, frankly, I myself have been approached, Mr. Jonas. A word to the wise is sufficient. Happy Knoll may be a Man's World, but never forget for an instant that there are women in it.

Very respectfully,
Lydia F. Felton



"But you said the object of the game was to go around the course in as little as possible."

GOLF AND THE WOMEN

The fair sex has come so far on the fairway that today there are dozens of women pros and, of necessity, an annual National Women's Open championship

BACK in those primitive days when even the men's locker room at Happy Knoll was without benefit of showers, Mrs. Charles Brown of Shinnecock Hills shot a 69 and a 63 and became our first Women's National Amateur champion. These happened to be her scores for the front and back nines, of course, but her total of 132 was low enough to carry the day back in 1895 when a field of 18 went at it at the old Meadow Brook Club to see who would be queen. Mrs. Brown's figures are extremely convenient ones for bringing out the distance women's golf has traveled over the past 60 years. Four springs ago, for example, when she was playing her first round in the Richmond Open in California, Patty Berg, after losing her way to the club, borrowing a sports shirt from a sister pro since she had forgotten her own, and having time to hit out only three or four practice shots, hurried onto the course and came within a shot of playing 18 holes in the same number of strokes it took the 1895 champ to play her better nine. After paring the first hole, Patty birdied the second when she cracked a four-iron a foot and a half from the pin, birdied the third when she cracked another four-iron two and a half feet away, and simply kept on rolling. On a sturdy par-72 course her card that day read 4-3-2, 4-3-3, 4-3-4, 4-2-5, 5-3-5, 2-4-4, which adds up to 64.

History is at best a sometime thing, and no one has the faintest idea when it was that women first played golf. We do know, though, that Mary, Queen of Scots, with her usual faulty sense of timing, was seen playing golf on the fields near Seton Castle only a short time after the death of Darnley. That was in 1567. For the next 300 years the references to women's golf are rare and muddled, but in 1867 the St. Andrews Ladies Golf Club was formed, others soon sprang up and so ended what the armchair brigade melancholically terms the Golden, or Quiet, Age of Golf.

In view of the trenchant way women today dominate the atmosphere at most of our country clubs, selecting not only the dresses and the flowers but the pro and the life-guard, it is no easy effort to remember that they were a long time in achieving equal rights on and around the golf course. Their Sylvia Pankhursts were their great golfers who could not fail to be imitated by other women and to be admired by the men: Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hard, a Scots girl, who (cirea 1910) won the Scottish, British, Canadian and American championships; Cecil Leitch, the first woman who decided that there was no reason a woman shouldn't attack the ball forcefully like the best men players, and who did so with such a natural dash; the incomparable Joyce Wethered, who succeeded Miss Leitch after World War I as the queen of the British links and is remembered as the most consummate of women stylists; Glenna Collett, the pertinacious girl from Providence, the first

great American champion, who won our national title six times between 1922 and 1935, and in more recent years such superb players as Patty Berg and the majestic Babe Didrikson Zaharias who "made" women's professional golf after she had become in 1947 the first American to win the British Ladies Championship. (We have always called ours the *Women's*, Professor Henry Higgins not being around at the crucial moment to set us straight in this delicate matter.)

Who was the greatest of these? They all have their supporters, but most people who have had the privilege of seeing them all think it is a toes-up between the Didrikson of 1947 and the Wethered of 1924. We know the Babe well, so a word about Joyce Wethered probably would not be amiss. "From a quiet house or a secluded part of a hotel," so goes Enid Wilson's unforgettable cameo of Joyce, "she would come to the first tee, smile charmingly at her opponent when they met at the commencement of their game, and then, almost as though in a trance, become a golfing machine. She never obtruded her personality, and those who played her had the impression that they, the crowd and the state of the game had ceased to exist in her mind and that her entire faculties were being focused on swinging to perfection and holing the ball in the fewest number of strokes. The match concluded, Miss Wethered would vanish and be seen no more until the starter called her name for the next round."

THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE

Today a few clubs like Pine Valley, going further than even Happy Knoll, still contend that woman's place is the station wagon and bar them from the clubhouse and course except at visiting hours. However, that is the exception to the rule, and women's golf has reached the point where a steady stream of tournaments is now played by a band of touring professionals whom Betty Hicks introduces on the following pages. What is at least as remarkable as the women's pro circuit is the fact that no one any longer thinks this to be an unnatural state of affairs.

In 1946, with such a goodly number of women pros around who, of course, could not compete in the Amateur, the first Women's Open championship was instituted by the Ladies PGA. Next week, at the Northland Country Club in Duluth, the pros, joined by such outstanding amateurs as Wiffi Smith, will be meeting for their 11th annual Open championship, the fourth held under the auspices of the USGA. Men accompanied by tickets will be admitted, and many will be on hand, since, except for their inability to hit the ball quite as far as our male stars, the girls today have honestly attained a comparable degree of skill.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE WOMEN PROS PRO AND CON

Competition among top professional women golfers is tougher than ever, but the purses are bigger, too

by BETTY HICKS

LOUISE SUGGS flopped down on the locker-room couch and tore into the day's mail.

"How do you like this!" she exploded. After a pause the taciturn Georgian, not usually given to emotion, went on, "Here's a guy in California who has a bet with a friend. The friend thinks Babe, Patty and I have it all arranged in advance who is going to win our tournaments. He's betting we don't."

"And what will you tell the man?" asked Betsy Rawls.

"Tell him?" Louise said. "I'll ask him if he's ever seen three cats fighting over a plate of fish."

The allusion to the cats may be somewhat inelegant, but the meaning is clear. Women's professional golf is competitive. Two dozen women golf professionals currently play for about 30 tournament titles a year and some \$200,000 in annual prize money. All essentially are just career girls who commute to work over considerably greater distances than other commuters on the Long Island Rail Road or the Wilshire Boulevard bus. But the rigors and complaints on the tour are frequent. The malcontents (invariably those who are playing poorly at the moment) insist the distances between tournaments are too great, the social requirements harassing, the laundry problem overwhelming, the greens bumpy, the caddies untrained, the neighborhood dogs noisy, the steaks

tough and the sponsors too demanding.

In the past two years the scoring pace has quickened significantly. In 1954 the top 10 players averaged 76.87 strokes each tournament round. In 1956, aware they must earn \$8,000 in prize money to pay expenses, they have improved almost a full stroke.

This year the tournament winner has been forced to total 293 for 72 holes, one and one-half strokes better than that shot by the titleholders of 1954, the first year any appreciable number of 72-hole events was played by the LPGA. But everything in women's golf is getting bigger. The tournaments are more frequent, the purses plumper and the field larger. The day when a competitor could afford the luxury of an instant of carelessness or something less than her best effort is gone forever.

But the girls seem to like it that way. Ask any of the presumably overworked, taut-nerfed tournament professionals who have ever punched a time clock how the tour compares with working for a living back home, and they'll tell you they'll take a tour, any time.

There are nine players now following 1956's tournament trail who have the ability and the experience, singly or in combination, to play critical shots well, often and usually on demand. These are the finished golfers, the recent tournament winners and runners-up and the leading money earners. They are Marlene Bauer, Louise Suggs, Patty Berg, Mickey Wright, Fay Crocker,



A PRO HERSELF, THE AUTHOR LINES UP SHOT FOR CAMERA

Betsy Rawls, Betty Jameson, Mary Lena Faulk and Beverly Hanson.

Award of publicity space is often disproportionate to players' skills. So the sports fan unfamiliar with golf may be confused as to who is the greatest of women golfers. The women professionals are not confused. The majority of them are certain she is Patricia Jane Berg.

Here is a puffy little gnome of a woman who trudges the fairway looking more like a resolute middle-aged housewife on her way to a YWCA calisthenics class than she does a remarkable athlete. But when Patty Berg grasps a golf club, the butterfly emerges from the cocoon. The greatest shots in women's golf have come off the faces of Patty Berg's clubs.

RECORD IMPRESSIVE

She has won more tournaments than any other woman professional. She holds the alltime 18-hole competitive record in women's tournaments—a 64—and shares the LPGA 54-hole record with Betty Jameson at 210.

Patty appears to have mastered the difficult essential of keying herself up for every tournament. She plays each shot as though it were the one by which she will be remembered.

"When Patty misses a shot," commented one of the pros, "you'd think the world had come to an end."

Patty's world was not even threatened in 1955. She was leading money

winner, low scorer, winner of the Senior Trophy (Competitor of the Year), and was elected outstanding woman athlete of the year by Associated Press.

Comparatively, this year has not gone so well for her. Her place has been taken by a pro who once would have been voted most unlikely to succeed.

The emergence of Marlene Bauer Hagge from a prolonged golf adolescence into the role of leading tournament winner and money earner for 1956 has left most of the game's prognosticators groping for answers. Marlene, as just about anyone outside the Bauer household would have told you a year ago, just didn't have it. She obviously reached her peak at 13, and that was nine years ago.

From the April day in 1950 when she ceased being a child wonder and stepped into the more realistic and demanding world of professional golf, Marlene only occasionally made Pro Dave Bauer happy with his daughter's performance. In decided contrast with her sister Alice, an effervescent pixie with an apparent zest for the game, Marlene played most of the time with the resigned disinterest of a youngster doing domestic chores. She confided to her friends that she would like to be a ballet dancer or an artist or anything but a golf professional.

This year the job has suddenly become enjoyable. Yet Marlene exhibits no drastic outward changes in her physical game. Her recent fabulous putting streak startled no one, for the Bauers have long been the game's greatest around the greens.

Marlene once challenged her father's family record of consecutive successful strokes from a distance of eight feet.

After hoing over 600 in a row, Marlene muffed, leaving papa's mark of 800 intact.

Asked about back fatigue in this two-hour putting stint, Marlene answered, "No, I didn't get tired. I stopped to rest once."

But even such resignation to tedium had brought Marlene Bauer no impressive tournament rewards in professional golf. That was until last January, when she returned to competition after a six-month layoff. In the interim Marlene married her sister Alice's ex-husband, Bob Hagge. Since Alice and Hagge had had a daughter, Heide, Marlene thus became her own niece's stepmother, a transition which jarred the close-knit Bauer family only temporarily.

LEAP TO THE TOP

Almost at once Marlene jumped to the No. 1 spot on the dollar list, but her competitors presumed the spurt might be temporary. When she won three straight major tournaments—Pittsburgh Open, Triangle Round Robin, and LPGA championship—they began preparing their answers.

"It's those two guys following her," said one, referring to Hagge and business associate Harry Hovey. (They're hotel-building in Asheville, North Carolina.) "They gallery her and cheer for her and tell her she's great and never chew her out for bad rounds. They make her want to play better and they make her think she can."

Such treatment was in marked contrast with the stern disciplines imposed upon her by her perfectionist father, Dave. So strong is his influence that even after winning the LPGA championship Marlene told friends that she

thought she had played well, "but probably Daddy doesn't think so."

Tagging Marlene in 1956's money winning is Louise Suggs, herself a former leading money winner and, with Patty Berg, the troupe's most consistent performer.

The intensity of Louise's efforts is not evident in her swing, the most esthetically pleasing one of them all, nor in her course mannerisms. Outwardly she appears nervous and confidently efficient, which she definitely is not.

Louise is one of the great women golfers of all time. But by her own reticence she has robbed herself of the recognition her shot-making skill should have earned her. Also she plays a less spectacular brand of golf than that of some of her more colorful contemporaries. Her swing never varies, which gives her game an impersonal mechanical appearance. She plays without histrionics, and with no more emotional display than an occasional darkly threatening gesture toward a putt which is about to drop. She has steadfastly refused to merchandize herself to golf fans.

But to her sister professionals she is one of the most admirable of the top players. They know her golf greatness emerges from a deep-felt necessity to prove herself an adequate human being, from an almost perfect golf swing, and a putting touch as delicate as a hummingbird caressing a blossom.

Stalking in Suggs' spiked footsteps is Mickey Wright, the 21-year-old Californian who is only now in her second year as a professional. Combining a longarc (Mickey's 5 feet 8½ inches) and a near-perfect golf swing, she pounds a

continued on next page



BETTY BUSH, now from Detroit, took up golf after she married Pro Eddie Bush.



ALICE BAUER, sister of Marlene, is excellent putter but has unorthodox swing.



GLORIA FICHT, a former professional ice skater, is a good driver but is erratic.



VONNIE COLBY, ex-amateur star from Cadillac, Mich., is in second year as pro.



JOYCE ZISKE, considered one of the top newcomers, has solid all-round game.



PAT DEVANY, a Detroit native and a pro's daughter, plays good golf in streaks.

THE WOMEN PROS

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golf ball farther than any of her competitors. Her driving contest achievement in Detroit in June was an accurate indication of her power. Other women presumably have hit a golf ball farther than Mickey's carefully measured 272. But Mickey's yards each contained 36 inches. She was hitting onto watered fairways, and not downwind.

Aside from her deficiency of professional tournament experience, Mickey still must surmount two barriers before she can achieve greatness.

Long hitters frequently suffer the "yips" around the greens, and Mickey has not yet become an exception. She is distinguished as one of the poorest putters on the tour. Her chips, pitches, and sand wedge work are in similar need of improvement. Doubtless Mickey can rectify these errors in the finesse department, by good instruction and a staggering amount of practice.

BRAINS BEHIND THE BRAVADO

A second problem will not be so simple to overcome. Despite her faintly amusing efforts to deny her intellectual capacity and cultural interests by spending her leisure time behaving "like a golf pro"—learning hillbilly songs with guitar accompaniment, responding ecstatically to Elvis Presley records and twiddling her thumbs over gin rummy—Mickey Wright remains intelligent, creative and sensitive. These handicaps have been overcome by golf champions, but never without trauma.

Better than Rookie Mickey Wright in her first year was Mary Lena Faulk, a newcomer in 1955. This 1953 National Amateur Champion finished second in seven different tournaments and won one. She finished the campaign as fifth money winner. Though she has slipped a bit this year, this does not discourage either her enthusiasts or Mary Lena. They know she is a sound player with a placid tournament temperament and a friendly attitude toward the game and the people who play it. If the gracious lady from south Georgia can become a tournament winner, she will be a popular one.

The Cary Middlecoff of the LPGA is Western Open Champion Beverly Hanson. Bev is a highly intelligent, queulous young woman with a scalpel-like sense of humor. She is also a flagellating perfectionist who seems determined to beat golf to its feet, and herself with it.

The taut, powerful and angular-swinging North Dakota-born Californian has played brilliantly at times

since she became a professional in 1951. Winning is important to her, but missing a shot is catastrophic. She has been heard to blame everyone except herself—the greenskeeper, her caddy, her opponent, the sponsor—for her shot-making transgressions. Yet she must also admit to herself that she shares the responsibility for errors, for she is a devotee of the practice tee.

Her efforts have rewarded her with the championship of the LPGA, the Eastern Open, and the Western Open, three of the most important titles.

Not at all like Bev Hanson in temperament is soft-spoken Betty Jameson, who feels very little need for applause, and probably feels as deep a love for the game of golf as anyone has ever felt. A devout practitioner, too, Betty one rainy night came into a resort hotel where a tournament was in progress, putter and chipping iron in hand. "Where've you been?" inquired an incredulous competitor.

"Out putting and chipping," was Betty's matter-of-fact reply.

"But it's dark and it's raining."

Betty, starry-eyed as a teen-ager deep in her first love affair, answered, "It's light enough for me."

Betty is a longtime in the tournament ranks. She has won all the meaningful titles, several of them more than once. She has played many remarkable rounds of golf. She was the first to shoot below 300 in a women's 72-hole tournament. And last year at Sarasota she shot 72 holes in 285.

Golf, to Betty, is an art, a creative performance, justified for its own sake. Monetary gains are the results of the performances, not the goals.

"Why don't you get a new car?"

Babe Zaharias asked her, mentioning a luxury model the pros can obtain at factory prices.

"New car!" exploded the sometimes

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SOME STARS IN COLOR

On the eve of the 11th National Women's Open championship, which will be held in Duluth, July 26-28, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* presents a color gallery on the following four pages of some of the stars of women's professional golf. In the Open they will not only be battling each other but a strong amateur entry headed by Wilf Smith, new British Amateur champion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MY PERSON



PATTY BERG, one of game's truly great players, was named Woman Athlete of the Year in 1938 (as an amateur), 1943 and again in 1955, when she won six tournaments.

BETTY JAMESON was a full 13 when she won the Southern Amateur, and since has captured every major championship.



LOUISE SUGGS holds the record for the Women's Open with the 284 (70-69-70-75) she shot at the Bala Club course in 1952.





BONNIE RANDOLPH, who majored in foreign commerce at Ohio State, has gradually become one of the steadiest pros.

PEGGY KIRK BELL commutes to tournaments from Pine Needles C.C. in North Carolina, which she and her husband run.



MARLENE BAUER HAGGE, Girls Junior Champion in 1949, has always been known for her particularly brilliant short game.

FAY CROCKER, the defending Open champion, grew up in Uruguay, where she captured the national title no less than 14 times.





MARILYNN SMITH is a tall, long-hitting, enthusiastic girl from Wichita, Kansas who is often capable of bursts of superb scoring.

MIKEY WRIGHT of San Diego, runner-up in the 1954 Women's Amateur, has the potential to become a really magnificent golfer.



KATHY CORNELIUS, 23, a relative newcomer, is the wife of a golf professional and the mother of a two-year-old daughter.

DIANE GARRETT, the circuit cutie pie, is a poised and intelligent 19-year-old Texas, the daughter of a Beaumont pro.





JO ANN PRENTICE is a typical circuit convert: an amateur star who couldn't afford to keep playing amateur golf.

BETSY RAWLS, Phi Beta Kappa at University of Texas, averaged an annual \$8,000 her first five years as a pro.



BEVERLY HANSON is the current holder of LPGA match-play title, a strong player who registered her first big victory in the 1950 Amateur.

MARY LENA FAULK from Thomasville, Ga., 1953 Amateur queen, is a conscientious student who has developed a smooth, polished swing.



THE WOMEN PROS

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excitable Miss Jameson. "But I just got a new motor for my '48 Plymouth!"

Betty's lack of concern for net gain is not shared by several others who are on her competitive level.

"Look at this bank balance!" Fay Crocker said after she won the Wolverine Open in Detroit last year. "This one I had to win. You—*you*, Carol Bowman—can get back to your fine husband in Californesha for \$100. But I? I would have to wire the Old Man for \$600 to get back to Montevideo."

Fay's financial problems vanished quickly last summer after she won the National Open title at the Wichita Country Club. Her brand of golf is characterized by an earth-pawing, intense bravado which merits her the nickname of El Toro. Her golf swing is not the modern textbook type. El Toro is an old-school stylist, of the caliber which has drawn rare praise from another old-school stylist, Bobby Jones. And too, Fay is an intelligent competitor, a talented shot-maker and the personification of positive thinking's miraculous power.

IMPROVEMENT ISN'T ENOUGH

For Betsy Rawls, leading money winner of 1952 and National Open champion of 1951 and 1953, the last few years have not been in cumbre the summit, as Fay Crocker terms it in her Uruguayan-accented Spanish. Betsy continued winning in '53, '54 and '55, but slid to 10th place in money winnings last year, despite improving her scoring average slightly.

This year, the Texas Phi Beta Kappa appeared to have her problems solved. By mid-April she had won three tournaments and once again sat in a familiar spot among the prize earners. But even then her tendency to wild scrambling was beginning to show through, along with her propensity to put incompatible nines back to back. Rounds of 34-43, 33-41, or 45-33 are not unusual on Betsy's cards.

In late May the swing which has never been completely reliable flew completely apart. She finished out of the money in three out of four consecutive tournaments, the fourth being the money-guaranteed invitational Triangle Round Robin. Her last eight rounds of tournament play have been over 80.

Despite these recent abysmal performances (nine out-of-bounds in the LPGA championship), Betsy is an enthusiastic practitioner and possesses a

fierce desire to win. How well she will do in future tournaments will depend on the rhythm of her swing, which tends to break down when the money is bigger and the fairways smaller.

Still, there are many professionals who can regard Betsy's golf career with admiration. None of these have matched her record, not even the higher ranking near-stars, like Joyce Ziske, Kathy Cornelius, Betty Dodd, Marilyn Smith and Alice Bauer.

Joyce Ziske, a phlegmatic, pleasant Wisconsin youngster, has improved tremendously this year. Texan Betty Dodd would be a marvelous heirress to the colorful role played by Babe Zaharias. The long-hitting redhead is the tour's Judy Canova, a bright, person-

had been shared by Berg, Suggs and Zaharias.

If there are others who have shown ability, or even a hint of it, they have yet to draw praise from their sister professionals.

The future top names in women's professional golf may be forecast with extreme accuracy because of a single fact: professional tournament golf cannot be learned quickly or easily. This is why, at 37, Betty Jameson says resolutely, "I am still learning." And, at 28, Betsy Rawls believes, "I am only beginning."

This is why young Mickey Wright came off the golf course last month in the Triangle Round Robin, after shooting consecutive rounds of 69-79,



BETTY DODD, close friend of Babe Zaharias, is possessor of powerful, long game.



GLORIA ARMSTRONG, a licensed air pilot, is in her second year as professional.

ble tomboy with a tremendous talent for entertainment and no little talent for golf.

It would please a great many people if Marilyn Smith could win more often. Marilyn projects more personality to galleries, more real warmth, than any other pro. She won twice last year. But Marilyn has ants in her stance. The fidgets and the tournament touch do not complement each other, and the former is extracting a rather high price from Marilyn herself.

Young mothers Alice Bauer and Kathy Cornelius show occasional ability for the competitive game, and bring with them a pleasant amount of housewifeliness. It must have been very encouraging to many women amateurs when Kathy set an alltime 72-hole tournament record for the LPGA in February, her 287 at St. Petersburg knocking a stroke off the record which

suggled onto the locker-room bench, and said, "Suggs wouldn't have done that, would she? Suggs wouldn't have tried to knock it out of the trees left-handed. Suggs wouldn't have whiffed three in a row. Suggs wouldn't have had a 9 on that hole."

"No," said Betsy Rawls, "Suggs wouldn't have tried to knock it out left-handed."

Her professional apprenticeship is not an altogether pleasant process for Mickey Wright. But in those moments when she feels the game has flogged her, Mickey may console herself by knowing that she has synchronized her golf career with fortunate fate. Some of her competitors reached their peak performances in years of lesser purses and fame. Mickey will achieve her greatest skill in the era of women's professional golf which promises to be its most rewarding. (END)

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Major General Garrison (Gar) Davidson, onetime Army football star and, at 29, its youngest head coach (from 1933 to 1937), returned to old West Point stamping grounds, this time as Superintendent of United States Military Academy.



Junie Buxbaum, wily Memphis 128-pounder who gave up being pro because "I couldn't put in tournaments," had same trouble but found his touch to beat Bill Scarbrough 3 and 2 for national public links title at San Francisco.

RECORD BREAKERS

Hungary's Sandor Ibaros, back in competition after long rest, eased back into record-breaking form in meet at Budapest, added two more world marks to five he already holds. Smooth-striding Ibaros was clocked in 27:43.8 for six miles, 28:42.8 for 10,000 meters, bettered standards set by Czechoslovakia's Emil Zatopek (July 15).

Farlene Brown, powerfully-built 21-year-old Compton, Calif. housewife, put her 222 pounds solidly behind 8-pound 13-ounce shotput, set off heave of 43 feet 7 inches for new U.S. record, also whirled discus 135 feet 6 1/2 inches for American citizen's mark in Women's Far Western championships at Los Angeles (July 8).

Yolanda Belas, feather-footed 20-year-old Rumanian, leaped 5 feet 8 3/4 inches at Bucharest to surpass women's world high jump record (July 14).

BASEBALL

National League, powered by Cincinnati sluggers, home-run hitting of Willie Mays and Stan Musial (matched by American League's Mickey Mantle and Ted Williams), won All-Star Game 7-3 at Washington (see page 57).

American League pennant race was all but over at halfway mark after New York broke things wide open in face-to-face series with Cleveland and Chicago. Yankees first clobbered Indians three straight, 9-5, 10-9, 5-4, next swept Sunday double-header from Chicago 2-1, 6-5 (see page 6) to stretch

winning streak to 10, lead over runner-up Cleveland to 10 1/2 games. Boston showed signs of putting up fight, took three from Chicago, including 4-0 no-hitter by 34-year-old Southpaw Mel Parnell, split pair with Cleveland but could come no closer than 11 1/2 games off pace, same as slapping White Sox, who ended week with eight straight losses.

Milwaukee stepped up pace against failing Brooklyn and Pittsburgh, ran off six in row with help of home-run spree by Joe Adcock to go two games ahead of Cincinnati (who lost three out of five) in National League. Dodgers, still muddling along, recovered from Milwaukee sweep to beat Chicago 10-8 in bean-bat battle after severe talking-to by Manager Walter Alston but needed hits more than words as St. Louis, with Stan Musial taking over league hitting lead with .327, began to move up.

HORSE RACING

Racing's biggest coast-to-coast one-day payoff, with whopping \$436,325 up for grabs in three top races, found ready takers in Swaps, Nashua and Swoon's Son.

Swaps went to work at mile-and-a-quarter for first time since match race with Nashua, showed plenty of speed and stamina as he romped home by two lengths under steady touch of Willie Shoemaker in 1:58 3/5 for new track record in \$162,000 Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park.

Nashua, held snug by Eddie Arcaro, literally ran away from undistinguished field, covering mile-and-a-quarter in 2:02 4/5 on

muddy track to take \$114,400 Monmouth Handicap by 3 1/2 lengths at Monmouth Park, boosting alltime earnings to handsome \$1,236,965.

Swoon's Son, unbeaten as 3-year-old, was held off early pace by skillful Dave Erb, made his move at head of stretch, then roared past leaders to win \$159,825 Arlington Classic at Arlington Park as 50-1 shot Ben A. Jones finished 1 1/2 lengths back and favored Fabled faltered again. Erb paid tribute to Swoon's Son, rated bay colt ahead of Needles: "This is the top 3-year-old I've ridden this year... bar none."

BOXING

Eddie Machen, quick-hitting young (24) Californian who has put heavyweight title gleam in Manager Sid Flaherty's eye, had no trouble hitting strong but slow-moving Nino Valdes, finished off Cuban with smashing right to stomach in eighth round at Miami Beach for his 15th straight victory. Cagney Flaherty, admitting he had possible contender but still wary after what happened to Bobo Olson, refused to be hurried: "When I think he's ready for bigger fights, I'll get them."

AUTO RACING

World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio, hard pressed for victory since winning Argentine Grand Prix last January, zipped his Ferrari along at steady and trouble-free 98.65-mph average to capture his first British Grand Prix at Silverstone after front-running Stirling Moss, showed up by three

FOCUS ON THE DEED



PORTUGUESE WINDJAMMER Sagres, square-rigged sails blowing from her tall masts, heads into the English Channel at Torquay on way to Lisbon at the start of 50-mile International Training Ship race won by British ketch *Meyesa* on corrected time.



BOSTON MAGICIAN Mel Parnell uncorks left-handed pitch as he bunts 4-0 no-hitter over Chicago White Sox (see above).



Mrs. Frances Bera, high-flyer from Los Angeles, with her sister, Mrs. Edna Bower, along for company, flew Beechcraft Bonanza 2,366 miles from San Carlos, Calif. to Flint, Mich. to win her third Fowder Pull Derby in six years.



Max Hirsch, veteran trainer (Assault, Grey Lag, High Gun) who broke into racing as a quarter-horse rider some 60 years ago, was feted by racing admirers on his 76th birthday. Best horse he's seen: Citation. Best jockey: Eddie Arcaro.



Stan Tinkham, 24, Army private and two-time All-American swimmer who coaches famed Walter Reed mermaids, got his biggest assignment: coach of U.S. Olympic women's team after Jack Cady resigned because of illness.

pit stops, finally was forced out on 97th lap by split fuel tank.

Carroll Shelby, topped out in usual blue, top-front overalls, churned up gravel on eight-mile carriage road as he roared his 4.5-liter Grand Prix Ferrari up New Hampshire's treacherous Mount Washington in record time of 10:21.8 to win Race to the Clouds.

TRACK & FIELD

Rafer Johnson, husky UCLA sophomore, got off and running with record 4,639 points in first five events, talled off slightly next day when bothered by knee injury but still won national decathlon title and Olympic berth with 7,754 points at Crawfordville, Ind. (see page 41).

HORSE JUMPING

Raimondo D'Inzeo, Italy's Olympic silver medal winner, romped through four perfect rounds aboard Merano (named Europe's best horse for second year) in jump-off, succeeded Germany's sibling and title Hans Guenter Winkler as world jumping champion at Aachen.

HARNESS RACING

Diamond Hal, Potato Farmer Sol Camp's 5-year-old bay side-wheeler, dawdled along behind pack in early going, put on burst of speed in stretch when Driver Joe O'Brien "talked to him and sort of clucked," edged Dottie's Pick by scant head in \$25,000 National Pacing Derby at Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, N.Y.

RODEO

Keith Hyland, plucky cowboy from Black Diamond, Ala., picked up points and cash in bull riding, calf roping and bronc riding, outclassed Defending Champion Casey Tibbs to ride off with all-round title at Calgary Stampede.

GLIDING

Paul MacCreedy Jr., solemn 30-year-old California meteorologist and ex-Navy pilot who became interested in gliding because "it was a cheap way to keep flying," combined professional knowledge with daring, slipped and soared his sailplane to world championship at Saint-Yan, France.

MILEPOSTS

BORN—TO New York Yankee Outfielder Hank Bauer and wife Charlene; their third child, second son; at Kansas City, Mo., on same day that Bauer hit first major league grand slam home run (and 19th of season) to beat Cleveland 9-5. Bauer jovially considered naming newest son Grand Slam Bauer or Micky Mandle Bauer ("that should make him a sure bet for a \$100,000 bonus"), seriously settled on Herman.

DEED—Richard A. Glendon, 86, longtime Navy crew coach whose boats won Olympic title in 1920, Foughkeepsie Regatta in 1921, 1922, 1931, exponent of body swing for extra power; of cerebral hemorrhage, at Hyannis, Mass. Among his Navy strokes: Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz (in 1905); Admiral Juma Ingram (in 1907).

FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

EDDIE SACHS, Greensboro, N.C., 100-m. USAC race, in Chrysler Special, Atlanta. TONY RIZZO, Livorno, Calif., 150-m. stock car race, at Monterey, with 22 1/2 mph average speed, Mopar.

BICYCLING

JACK BIRNEY, Pasadena, Calif., men's road championship, with 16 1/2 min., Orlando, Fla. RAYNY NIMAN, Irvine, women's road championship, with 15 min., Orlando, Fla.

ROATING

SEA CLIFF YC, L.I. Sound women's sailing 5th and 5th Cup, with 24 1/2 pts., Port Washington, N.Y.

ROGINS

PAT MCNEIL, 10-round decision over Ezzard Charles, heavyweights, Tacoma, Wash. WILLIE TROT, 10-round split decision over Jerry Lester, middleweights, New York. RENEY LANG, 10-round split decision over Ralph Buzze, lightweights, New Orleans. ORLANDO ZULITA, 10-round decision over Ludwig Luchner, lightweights, New York.

GOLF

BILL CASPER JR., San Diego, Quebec Open, with 274 on 72 holes, Bensenville, Ill. BETHLEY WARRSON, Apple Valley, Calif., and MRS. BETHLEY WARRSON, Lake Worth, Fla., women's 4-ball tournament, with 218 at Hot Springs, Va.

HARNESS RACING

CALIFORNIA \$10,000 Massachusetts Trotting Derby, 1 m., by head, in 2:05 1/5, Falmouth, Mass. Robert Walker, driver.

HORSE RACING

ARIZONA \$10,000 Edgemore Handicap, 1 1/16 m., by nose, in 1:43 1/5, Phoenix, A.P. Wesley Woodcock up. MR. SAKE \$ 225,000 Charles S. Howard Stakes, 1 1/4 m., by 3 lengths, in 2:04 2/5, Hollywood Fl. White Shoemaker up.

TENNIS

(Western championships, Indianapolis) FRANCISCO GONZALEZ, San Angeles, and ALEX SWEET, Parsippany, over Vic Seixas and Alton Morris, 6-3, 6-2, men's doubles. MARY ANN MITCHELL, San Leandro, Calif., over Barbara Green, 6-4, 6-2, 6-0, women's singles.



STAND-UP SLIDE by Holland's Albert Kok gets him safely into third base in 13-2 victory over Italy during the European baseball championships at Rome. Speedy Dutch team surprised opponents, took all four games and the title.



GAG SESSION Ends Dizzy Dean winding up to throw golf ball to Cary Middlecoff as Red Sanders awaits pitch before a golf tournament at Memphis.

COMING EVENTS

July 20 through July 29

FRIDAY, JULY 20

Airplane Racing

Natl. Air Races Meeting, Bagelton, Warwickshire, England (also July 21)

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midjet races, Galesburg, Mich.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. New York (N.Y.), Chicago, 2-25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boating

Intl. Yachting Regatta, Helsinki, Finland

Boxing

● Tony Johnson vs. Tony Anthony, light heavyweights, Madison Sq. Garden, New York (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Golf

PGA championship, Blue Hill GC, Canton, Mass. (through July 24)

SATURDAY, JULY 21

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midjet races, Jeffersonville, Ind.
U.S. Auto Club stock races, Bannock, Calif.
NASCAR Late Model races, Bowman Gray Stadium, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Baseball

● Boston vs. Detroit, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (CBS*)
● New York vs. Kansas City, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boating

Chicago-Mackinac race, Chicago
Marblehead race week, Marblehead, Mass. (through July 28)

Horse Racing

Arlington Futurity, \$75,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Arlington Pk., Ill.
The Westerner, \$75,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Hollywood Pk., Calif.
Belmont Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Levon Swimming

Elst Annual Tournament, Western Ontario Bowling Assn., London, Ont. (through July 26)

Trapshooting

Ray Long Handicap, Pine GC, Streator, Ill.

SUNDAY, JULY 22

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club championship sports, Williams Grove, Pa.

Baseball

● Boston vs. Detroit, Boston, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boating

Newport Regatta, Newport Harbor, Conn.
Fiesta del Pacifico Inland Regatta, San Diego.
Walter Schmid Memorial Regatta, Lake Monona, Ill.
Watersville Boat Race Regatta, Gatersville Lake, Ala.

Motorcycling

20-m. Natl. championship, Bay Meadows, Calif.

Speedfishing

AU state championship, Marathon, Fla.

MONDAY, JULY 23

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club stock races, Detroit.

Baseball

● Hall of Fame Game, New York Giants vs. Detroit Tigers, Coney Island, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Benny Giovannelli vs. Gene Ferraro, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)

Horse Racing

Batavia Downs opens, Batavia, N.Y. (through Oct. 13)
The Thomas W. Murphy, \$80,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, Vernon, N.Y.
Kent & Sussex County Fair Stake, \$7,000, 2-yr.-old broodmares, Harrington, Del.

Horse Racing

Wilson Handicap, \$70,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds & up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Horse Show

Intl. Horse Show, White City, London, England

Tennis

Pennsylvania State Lawn Tennis championships, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. (through July 29)
Western Jr. & Boys championships, Champaign, Ill. (through July 28)
Pennsylvania & Eastern States Women's Lawn Tennis championships, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. (through July 29)

TUESDAY, JULY 24

Baseball

● Charleston vs. St. Paul, Charleston (A.A.), 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Flash Florida vs. Davey Gallardo, featherweights (10 rds.), San Jose, Calif.

Horse Racing

Kent & Sussex County Fair Stake, \$10,000, 2-yr.-old pacers, Harrington, Del.
The City Direct, \$10,000, 2-yr.-old pacers, Vernon, N.Y.

Motorcycling

Speed Trials, including German motorcyclists, Bensenville Salt Beds, Mendota, Ill.

Rodeo

Frontier Days, \$22,200, Cheyenne, Wyo.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midjet races, Blue Island, Ill.

Baseball

● Cleveland vs. Washington, Cleveland, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Isaac Lagart vs. Jed Black, welterweights, Chicago Stadium, Chicago (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)
Archie Moore vs. James Parker, heavyweights (15 rds.), Toronto, Canada

Horse Racing

Hambleton Test, \$8,500, 3-yr.-old broodmares, Vernon, N.Y.

Horse Racing

Sunset Handicap, \$100,000, 1 5/8 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Hollywood Pk., Calif.
Arlington Wadsworth, \$20,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Arlington Pk., Ill.
The Great American, \$25,000, 5/8 f., 2-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y.

Parachuting

World Parachuting championships, Moscow, Russia (through Aug. 8)

Racing

Royal Canadian Henley, St. Catharines, Ont.

Speedfishing

AU natl. tournament, Marathon, Fla.

THURSDAY, JULY 26

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midjet races, Midvale, Ill.

Baseball

● Brooklyn vs. Cincinnati, Brooklyn, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

Joey Lopez vs. Don Jordan, lightweights, Las Vegas (10 rds.)

Golf

Eastern Open, Mt. Pleasant GC, Baltimore
Women's Hall Open, Northland CC, Duluth

Horse Racing

Empire State Pacing Classic, \$20,000 (CG), Vernon, N.Y.

Fiera Temple Filly Stake, \$5,000, 3-yr.-old pacers, Vernon, N.Y.

Rodeo

\$2,475 rodeo, Lethbridge, Alta., Canada (through July 28)

Swimming

All Army championships, Ft. MacArthur, Calif. (through July 29)

FRIDAY, JULY 27

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midjet races, Springfield, Ill.

Baseball

● Schenectady vs. Albany, Schenectady, (E.L.) 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boxing

● Miguel Berrios vs. Kid Anshaac, featherweights, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Field Trial

Welsh Rati Sheepdog Trials, Pembrokeshire, England (also July 28)

Horse Sale

Calif. Thoroughbred Breeder's Assn. Yearling Sale, Del Mar, Calif. (also July 28)

Swimming

Senior Men's Outdoor AAU Swimming championships, Waterworks Pool, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio (through July 29)

SATURDAY, JULY 28

Auto Racing

Sports car racing, Le Mans, France (also July 29)

Baseball

● New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS*), 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*)

Boating

Snedshorn Regatta Week, Sandhamn, Sweden (through Aug. 5)
Olympic trials, Star Class championships, Atlantic Highlands YC, N.J. (through Aug. 13)

Dog Show

Central Maine KC, New State Armory, Augusta, Me.

Horse Racing

Arlington Handicap, \$100,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds and up, Arlington Pk., Ill.
Monmouth Oaks, \$50,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds, Monmouth Pk., N.J.
The Dwyer Handicap, \$40,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds & up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Swimming

Jr. Women's 100-meter backstroke championships, St. Cloud, Minn. (also July 29)

SUNDAY, JULY 29

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club sprint races, Heidelberg, Pa.
U.S. Auto Club midjet races, Crystal, Mich.

Baseball

● New York vs. St. Louis, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual*)

Dog Show

Santa Barbara KC All Breed Dog Show & Obedience Trials, Hope Ranch Pk., Santa Barbara, Calif.

Fishing

Golden North Salmon Derby, Juneau, Alaska (through July 31)

Rodeo

Bronc riding contest, Rapid City, S.D.

Rowing

Swiss Rowing championships, Lucerne, Switzerland

Speedfishing

Florida Skin Over Assn. tournament, Marathon, Fla.

*See local listing

Bob Richards took third in the decathlon, then got

thoroughly confused, but nothing was as simple as

BIG RAFE'S WIN

ONE of the most spectacular decathlons ever seen was staged in Crawfordsville, Indiana last week. The national championship was at stake, but (more vitally) so were three U.S. Olympic berths which would go to the trio amassing the most points in the 10 events spread over two days. By the time 38 competitors had run, jumped and thrown their way through the program, three men had each scored over 7,000 points, the first time in track history that so many had scored so high in a single decathlon; Rafer Johnson buttressed his position as the world's No. 1 decathlon man; and Bob Richards had gotten himself into an embarrassing dilemma.

Contestants started arriving a week beforehand. Housed in two dormitories on the campus of Wabash College, they ranged in age from 16 (Bob Giombetti of West Bend, Wis.) to 30 (the Reverend Richards of La Verne, Calif.) and came complete with coaches, families and friends.

The pre-event dope was firm: two of the three Olympic berths were as good as filled. Johnson, the towering but graceful UCLA sophomore from California's San Joaquin Valley, was a prohibitive favorite for first place, and Milt Campbell, the muscled hurdler formerly of the University of Indiana but now in the Navy, was just as strong a favorite for second place. The real battle was for third, and though Richards, who had already made the Olympic team as our No. 1 pole vaulter, had to be considered the favorite contender, there was a comfortable rumor in circulation that the Vaulting Vicar was going to pass up the decathlon team, provided he qualified, in favor of the fourth-place finisher.

Johnson's feat in the last event of the first day, the 400-meter run, was certainly the most spectacular race of the entire meet. Fitted against Campbell and Aubrey Lewis, the Notre Dame footballer who doubles as a very swift 400-meter hurdler, Johnson, apparently

dropping out of contention on the backstretch but actually running according to plan, charged out of the half darkness on the last turn, passed the laboring Campbell in the stretch and nipped Lewis at the tape as both were clocked in 47.9, a new decathlon record. Rafer thus wound up the first evening's five events with 4,639 points, a new first-day standard that bettered his own previous world mark by 98 points, posted when he was on his way to the current world record of 7,985 in June 1955. Campbell was a solid second with 4,387 points. Bob Lawson, the boyish-looking USC soph who finished second to Richards in the 1955 championship, was in third with 3,998 points.

Next evening came Richards' announcement that he intended to withdraw from the team if he qualified. He then clinched the third spot with a 15-foot 1½-inch pole vault, and soon after ended the 15th decathlon of his career with 7,054 points. Johnson,

hampered by a left lame knee injured in the high jump the night before, finished well below his world's best with a still-magnificent 7,754. Campbell, growing more relaxed as time wore on, closed a strong second with 7,555.

The battle for fourth place provided a thrill at the end. Lawson needed 302 decathlon points to win that ranking, and to get those points he had to run the 1,500 meters in 4:54.2 or better. Lawson hit 4:54.2 on the nose ("I couldn't have run a tenth of a second faster") and seemed practically on the plane to Australia.

But then Bob Richards had a change of heart. Regretting his earlier generosity, Richards, after a quiet talk with Ducky Drake, the UCLA track coach who had come east with Johnson, agreed to postpone his final decision. "It's an awful hard choice to make," Richards said late that night, "I'm 30, he's only 21 and it's my last chance. I'll train hard for a month, and if I show real improvement I'll go in the decathlon, too." If he does, young Lawson will just have to wait another four years.

Rafer Johnson, who qualified for the Olympic team in the broad jump as well as the decathlon, has resisted all pressure to drop out of the jump. He will compete, as he should, in both events at Melbourne. The feeling is very strong that extrovert Richards, one of the most charming and colorful of athletes, will not, at 30, pass up his last chance to compete in what is rapidly becoming one of track's most colorful and rewarding events. (K&D)



"I was playing right field at the time. Their second baseman hit a towering drive toward the right field wall. I went back-back-back, made a tremendous leap. . . ."

The world's fastest pacer has won six times this year,
but last week he was once again the unpredictable

HARRY THE HORRID

“THERE was a little girl,” goes the nursery rhyme, “and she had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead; when she was good, she was very, very good, but when she was bad, she was horrid.” It is a verse that could have been composed for the horse on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* this week.

Adios Harry can be very good indeed: at the moment, he holds 12 world pacing records at distances from a mile to a mile and a half and, as a 5-year-old in his prime, he is odds-on to lower the few remaining marks in the book before he goes into stud. In one eight-day period at Vernon Downs last summer he shattered the mile standard five times; four times in races and once in a casual morning workout. “Shattered,” incidentally, is the only word for what Harry did to the mile racing record. It was 1:57 4/5 when he went up to Vernon and 1:55 when he left. At the close approximation of four lengths per second, Harry went the mile more than 10 lengths faster than it had ever been raced. How he did it—how he always wants to race—is another indication of his phenomenal speed. For 150 years every great Standardbred has done his best when he has been “covered up” during a great portion of the race and then pulled out for a stretch brush to the wire. This means his driver has tacked him in behind the lead sulky, where he enjoys the physical advantage of having the wind broken for him and the psychological edge of letting another horse set the pace. Not Harry. This Roman-nosed sidewheeler with a coat the color of good Beck beer has only one notion when the starting gate pulls away: to get to the top as fast as he can and stay there. And, since his driver, Luther Lyons, prefers to let Harry have his way, practically all of his record-breaking performances have been pace-setting races from wire to wire and doubly remarkable for that reason. He is on the bit all the way, pulling, bob-

bling, fighting the restraint of his gait, while the other horses steadily lose ground though they pour all their energy into the fight for speed. This is the very, very good Adios Harry.

But Harry can also be horrid. He may be the most unsociable, temperamental, hard-to-handle champion ever hitched to a sulky. After five years of the constant companionship of human beings, Harry does not appear to feel



TOP 3-YEAR-OLD, Belle Acton poses by trainer-driver's wife, Mrs. Billy Houghton.

very kindly toward them. At most harness tracks spectators are encouraged to look at the horses, to feed them carrots, to hold up children to pet them. It is one of the sport's oldest traditions, and the horses seem to thrive on the attention they get. Not Harry. “It upsets him so,” says Luther Lyons, “that now when we move to a new track we don’t put up Harry’s nameplate in front of his stall, just to keep visitors away.” Before they started hiding the nameplate, back in 1954, Harry threw quite a scare into Luther and his father, J. Howard Lyons, who

owns the horse. It was Little Brown Jug Week at Delaware, Ohio, a colorful, noisy country fair, and the stables were busy with visitors. Harry got so upset that he tried to kick his way out of his stall, hurt himself badly. Out on the track later, he was obviously lame and there was some talk of scratching him at the last minute. What he did instead was win the Jug, pacing three successive mile heats which totaled up to a world record time for 3-year-old colts.

There is another, more romantic, version of this story, which holds that Harry was trying to kick his way out in order to visit with a pretty filly nibbling the grass in a nearby field. Since he didn’t get out, it is a bit difficult to substantiate this version. One evening last year at Roosevelt Raceway, however, Harry did get out of his stall. No one knows how he managed this feat, which is a tribute to his ingenuity as well as his independence. For an hour the most valuable pacer alive wandered around in the dark, before he was rounded up. Once again, he may have had a late date in mind, but it is just as likely that he was looking for the training track for a bit of exercise. For Harry is generally a bear for work. Ordinarily, this is good news to a horse trainer, but it isn’t to Luther Lyons. “The trouble with Harry,” says Luther, “is that he thinks he’s in a race every time you take him out for exercise, or at least he acts that way. He darn near pulls my arms out of their sockets if I try to hold him back.” And Luther is a powerful, stocky 180-pounder, a fair match for any horse with a will less strong.

What happened when Harry broke the mile record at Vernon Downs is fairly typical of his workouts. In harness racing, two minutes for the mile is the same magic mark as four minutes in foot racing; in any season few horses achieve it, and then they are almost always prodded along by close competition. At Vernon, all by himself on the track and without any urging from Lyons, Harry did 1:57 1/2, under the former world’s racing record.

All of the foregoing helps explain Harry’s one fault as a racer. Unchecked by Lyons, he gets away from the starting gate so fast and reaches top speed so quickly that the first turn (less than 200 yards from the starting line on a half-mile track) always seems to come as a surprise to him. And he often breaks stride before getting around it. When a pacer goes into a break, his driver must pull him up or to the outside of the track until he resumes his



BACHELORETTE HANOVER wins the first heat of 1956 Messenger Stakes. Although Belle Acton beat him in final heat, he remains the filly's main rival for 3-year-old honors.

gait, and this is a handicap that no horse—even an Adios Harry—can overcome in a mile race. Some horse-men feel that Harry's breaks and his general intractability cast doubt on Lyons' skill as driver and trainer; others point to the horse's remarkable achievements and ask what there is to blame anyone for, which may be begging the question. In any event, the results bear out Harry's kinship with the little girl with the curl: in his first nine starts this season, he won six times and finished fifth the other three times. Very, very good—or horrid.

DERBY FAILURE

Most horrid of all, incidentally, to the two-dollar bettor. Since Harry always goes to the post at extremely short odds, there is hardly any point in betting on him. And if he gets by that first turn, there is no point at all in betting on any of the other horses. In

last week's National Pacing Derby at Roosevelt, Harry once again displayed his ungovernable temper. When the gate released him, he was ready to explode—which is just what he did. He broke stride, finished dead last.

It would be nice to be able to report that this marvelously fast and interesting animal is also engaging to look upon. The truth, however, is the final paradox of Adios Harry. The reason Lyons is able to discourage visitors by keeping Harry's name off his stall is that even an expert horseman who had never seen the champion would walk by with no more than a second glance. And to anyone else, Harry looks like just another horse. Out on the track with other pacers, he appears undersized; he is actually a half inch less than the 15 hands at the withers which would class him as average height. The secret of Harry's greatness, as it so often is with champions among men, has

little to do with size or sinew. It is deep inside him, inexplicable, that rare and precise combination of heart and mind that adds up to the unconquerable will to win. Rival drivers put it another way: "He's got a motor running inside him all the time."

Aside from Adios Harry, the most interesting feature of the harness racing season so far seems to be a matter of sex. In the 3-year-old class, which carries the major Triple Crown stakes, the top horses at both gaits are fillies: George Landers' pacer, Belle Acton, and the Clearview Stable's trotter, Egyptian Princess.

There is hardly any doubt about Belle Acton's clear edge over an exceptionally good class of 3-year-old side-wheelers. Rubin's Bachelor Hanover is possibly the only 3-year-old capable of beating her in the future.

Somewhat less agreement exists on the top racing of Egyptian Princess among the trotters. Some still prefer the Arden Homestead's Saboteur, despite his recently acquired habit of breaking stride, which has ruined three of his first four starts this year. Saboteur was the pre-season pick, off his sweep of the many 2-year-old stakes in which he'd been entered. But the Princess' 2:02 record in the Hanover Filly Stake at Lexington, and especially her less-than-a-minute clocking for the final half mile, established her as a firm second choice. Then she went on to win four out of five starts in '56, climaxed by a two-heat victory in the Coaching Club Trotting Oaks at Goshen's Historic track on July 2. The Oaks is a Hambletonian preview for fillies, and for the \$90,000 Hambletonian on August 8, first leg of Trotting's Triple Crown, the Princess will be the trotter to beat.

(END)



"Who's winning, Jack?"

A favorite show horse is often tortured to make him

look good, and the time has now come to end this

WOE FOR WALKERS

HORSE BUSINESS and sharp practice have not traditionally been divorced. But far uglier than mere chicanery is the widespread and long-standing practice of purposeful injury to that pleasant riding animal, the Tennessee Walking Horse (SI, Aug. 29, 1955). The torture, known and until recently condoned by inaction, is rarely punished legally. Reprimand from the horse world itself amounts to little more than a slap on the wrist. Only hostile public opinion to add force to the overdue wave of indignation against abuses will limit, if not stop, them during many of the major shows still ahead.

The Walking Horse's trademark, the unique running walk with its gliding hind motion, high front action and busily nodding head, is its most famous gait. Some breeders and trainers, aiming to add speed and showiness to this smooth gait, do so by carefully selected bloodlines and conscientious training; others try short cuts by torture, for if the horse's front feet are sore he will lift them quickly from the ground, shift his weight to his sound hind quarters and take the desired easy, gliding step.

The methods are simple and sometimes hard to detect, particularly since the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association, intending to protect the horse from possible cuts or bruises from the overreach (the average Walker's hind foot will overstride the front foot 14 to 22 inches), allows boots to be worn. But the protective device is also being used to hide damage or inflict pain. Crudest methods are to put tacks or chains inside the boots, or hog rings in the frog of the foot. The most widespread techniques of cruelty are the use of lye around the coronary band or a "blister" inside the hoof—but these can often be detected the morning after by a tour of the barns. The horses which are too sore to get up are those which have been treated with a dose of this "walking compound."

So it is often no pleasure for the "world's greatest pleasure horse" to

enter the show ring. The desired effect—that of making him walk gingerly—is so generally obtained by hurting the horse's feet that it is possible to read a proud advertisement like this for a mare touted as walking "with the sore lick without being sore. Examine those dainty, fast-flying feet and not a hair is out of place, no nails are driven to quick her, no gadgets and no tricks. Just pure, natural walking ability. . . ."

As one ribbon-greedy exhibitor said to the Humane Society's Donald Coleman in New Orleans, "I'll do anything I want to make my horse look good, and you'll not stop me."

But this year some steps are being taken to control the con men of the horse game. The American Horse Shows Association now states in its rule book that "horses must be serviceably sound and judges shall disqualify horses equipped with artificial appliances such as wired ears, leg chains, wires or tacks, blistering or any other cruel and inhumane devices. . . . White boots may be used, but they shall be subject to examination by show officials. In the use of boots, the inside must be smooth, and free from loose objects of any nature, nor may they have any sharp edges or points which will touch or rub any part of the horse's body, legs or feet."

This spring in Athens, Alabama, Judge H. O. Davis applied the rule for

the first time, demonstrating that although these abuses had been ruled against, they had obviously not been ruled out. Some 75 walking horses were examined, and others were taken rapidly to the gate when owners realized they would be caught if they did not retreat. Enough remained so that Ringmaster Sam Gibbons vows he lost several inches off his waist from bending to unstrap the boots, but their removal revealed that about 10% were being tortured and many more showed scars from past afflictions.

Davis immediately became unpopular with this lot of horse owners, some of whom accused him of grandstanding, while others demanded indignantly by what right he inspected. Most, however, have applauded the action, including the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association, which has instructed all its licensed judges to be on the alert. The Association is also talking of forming a committee to work with the Humane Society, which was instrumental in bringing about official recognition of the wrongs, to police its own big show in September as well as other events.

The difficulties in properly supervising a show are often compounded by the absence of a reliable veterinarian. Too often it is the veterinarian, with unswerving dedication to the collection of the fast buck, who mixes and sells the blister formula. Furthermore patrol problems, even with qualified help, are difficult, for some forms of abuse are hard to detect. One horse show official who has worked closely with the Humane Society for years commented ruefully that "next to arson, cruelty is the most difficult act to catch and make stand up in court."

S. H. (Wacky) Arnolt, sports car dealer and horse enthusiast, reports that many breeders, himself included,



**Doc Moore, a man with memories, and Teddy Brenner,
a man with TV's bounty, talk of the fight game at**

OLD ST. NICK'S

NOT SO LONG AGO, Ezzard Charles, whose attitude toward his profession even when he had the skills was dispassionate, and now, on the slide of years, is that of a man in sober pursuit of the buck, sat in a dressing room at New York's St. Nicholas Arena. A few minutes before, he had been the first ex-heavyweight champion to appear at St. Nick's, the oldest operating fight club in America, which, although it seats only 3,500, is known to millions from the Monday night telecasts. Charles had also just been defeated by an opponent 12 years his junior.

"When I was a boy," he said gently, "I used to listen to the fights from St. Nick's and wonder if I'd ever make it there on the way up. Well, I didn't, not until now when I'm going down."

What Charles finally came to is a three-story building fronting nearly a quarter of the somber block between Central Park and Columbus Avenue on West 66th Street. It is bordered by a bowling alley and bar and one of those tall garages which, unlike St.

Nick's, has a cool innard seven in summer.

St. Nick's is built in the grim lines of the Italian Renaissance, but it has its crust of latter-century farbelows, which architects used to squeeze on their urban structures like pastry cooks. Hanging out over the sidewalk is a crazy orange fire escape, dependent from chains and a system of pulleys, which looks more like a run for mountain goats than a way out.

The arena was erected in 1896 for the hockey club of the same name. According to the most reliable account, the first boxing matches were staged there in the summer of 1911. It has also been used for roller skating, bowling, basketball, ballroom dancing, social gatherings and wrestling. Today, only fitful performances of the last three go on inside.

It did, however, like Ozymandias' works, have a glorious past not apparent from the remains. The past resides truly, if not accurately in all its details, in the memories of those who moved in it. Such a longtime mover is

Doc Moore, a spare, alert old gentleman who saw the fighters at St. Nick's when they were, as he lovingly tells it, "masters who learned their trade and knew all the moves": masters like Jack Britton, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Harry Greb, Kid Chocolate, Sam Langford, Jack Blackburn, Joe Walcott (the original), Abe Attell, Terry McGovern, Stanley Ketchel, Tony Canzoneri, Al Singer and Benny Leonard.

Doc Moore was one of the finest of managers, matchmakers and trainers, or, as he would prefer it, teachers. "Sure, there are millions of trainers today," he says, "but very few teachers."

"St. Nick's hockey rink," Moore recalled recently, "had one of the first machines that made ice, and people used to come and buy it in big cakes. They didn't like to put that artificial stuff in their drinks, though. Scared it had chemicals in it."

Cornelius Fellowes first owned the place, a fine-looking man and a real sport. I read the other day that he's alive in Florida somewhere. Harry Pollock was the fight promoter then and the manager of Freddie Welsh, Young Corbett—lots of them. A great dude he was; drank champagne, carried a cane and dressed to kill. Only time they'd run a fight at St. Nick's would be in the summer, on account of the hockey. The other night I went back there. It was pretty warm inside and no air-conditioning. You don't see any rich people going to fights on a night like that. They're home with their air-conditioning and television. That's the way it was then. No high-hats and gowns. Just the workman. You know, in the summer the fights at St. Nick's are back with the people they always belonged to—the workman.

"After Pollock it was either the McMahon boys or Jimmy Johnston who ran the boxing. I was preliminary matchmaker for Johnston when a boy would get \$5 for four rounds and \$15 for six [the current St. Nick's scale is \$75 and \$150].

"Oh, St. Nick's was a beautiful place then," Moore continued. "It was a dance hall too, you know. They had a big dome up there of cut glass and a beautiful marble staircase leading up to the hall. And postal cards, like they have in restaurants, depicting that glass dome, which you could send to friends. A beautiful neighborhood too; steak house on the corner with a high-class trade; people in show business. We'd get one of those show-broads sneaking into St. Nick's every so often dressed in men's pants."

"I remember one night Sam Lang-



BOSS OF ST. NICK'S is Teddy Brenner, who made his matchmaking name at Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway, known as House of Uppets from many underdogs who prevailed.

ford was to fight Battling Johnson, a big heavyweight who had fought them all. Before the fight Johnson says he's sick and won't go on. Dr. Thompson was the ring doctor then, a very natty little fellow and a great talker, but he couldn't do a thing to convince Johnson otherwise. But there was a fellow around named Paulie Bracken who trained jockeys. Jimmy Johnston told Paulie to pretend he was a doctor, examine Johnson and tell him he was all right so they could get on with the fight. Paulie took off with a black bag which he thought was the doctor's, put the ing man on a table and opened the bag so he'd have some instruments to fiddle around with. Inside, though, it's full of screwdrivers and tape because it was left around by some electrician and wasn't Dr. Thompson's at all. Didn't bother Paulie, though. He flipped Johnson on his stomach, pounded on his back, turned him over, tapped his lungs, took his pulse and said: 'Mr. Johnson, you're the strongest man I've ever seen. Get your rights on and go out there and fight.' Johnson did."

TEDDY TAKES OVER

In the 1940s, after a succession of promoters, St. Nick's was taken over by Mike Jacobs to develop star-bout performers for his Madison Square Garden shows and to maintain the continuity for his radio broadcasts when the Garden was dark, as the proscenialists in the fight game say. This means that the circus or rodeo is playing there. In 1947 Jacobs' matchmaker at the arena was a forthright young man named Teddy Brenner. Brenner today is promoter and matchmaker of his own New York Boxing Club which puts on the fights from—this, an insidious TV term—St. Nick's.

Brenner was born in Brooklyn 39 years ago. He got his first boxing job through a palship with Irving Cohen, the manager of Rocky Graziano, who in 1946 was making matches for a club in New Brunswick, N.J. The way Brenner relates it, he kept nudging Cohen for the rationale of matching so-and-so with so-and-so and not so-and-so, until one day, driving back from Jersey, Cohen turned to him and said: "You're always talking of why I should have done what I didn't. I'm busy. You do it from now on in." Brenner's most celebrated work from then on in until St. Nick's was as matchmaker at Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway.

Running a fight club in the television era requires, first of all, television. Otherwise you don't run a fight club.

ST. NICK'S AVERAGE WEEKLY STATEMENT

INCOME		Office Rent	\$ 35
Gross Gate*	\$2,500	Phone	115
TV Money	7,000	Officials' Fees	300
TOTAL	\$9,500	Gloves	11
		Printing	138
EXPENSES		Boxers' Fund	25
Rent	\$1,000	TV Tax	350
Payroll	1,500	Ticket Tax	375
Main Purses	4,000	Boxers' Insurance	48
Prelim Purses	1,000	Transportation	150
Publicity, etc.	300	TOTAL	\$9,947

*Average show March at \$5 top, maximum seating of 3,500. Expected to rise in winter.

You do something else. Brenner concedes that he would be able to operate without it only if there were no televised bouts at all. "If people can watch fights for nothing on a Wednesday and a Friday," he says, "why should they come to my place and pay something on a Monday?" Next in importance is making the matches. Some managers leaving Brenner's office moan up and down Eighth Avenue about favoritism, deals, high-handed methods. As: "Who does he offer me for an opponent? An animal, that's who. They have to bring him up from Baltimore in a cage." Or: "The only way he gives you a fight is to lose two in a row. Only how can I get my fighter in so I can drop the pair?" That, though, is the way things are in the game and not

a condemnation of Brenner. It is said that there are barely 10 managers in the country making more than \$100 a week from boxing.

Bouts have to be much more evenly matched for TV fights than before too, for, as Brenner explains it, "If there are too many quick knockouts the sponsor gets jolted out of his commercials." He also finds that good boxers don't come across on TV as well as punchers. A puncher and a clever fellow who is also evasive—i.e., able to keep out of the way—make the ideal match. And if it's a mixed bout, one between a Negro and white performer, it pulls even better.

It was one of Doc Moore's warm, workingman nights at St. Nick's last Monday. Smoke blued the high hall, and the guys in the narrow wooden gallery stamped on the boards and told the fighters what to throw, needled the ref. It was all there but the masters with their lovely, learned moves. It is said that their clever likes won't be seen again. TV is the villain of the piece, foreclosing the small clubs and gyms where the fighter learns by watching and imitating. "I used to make my boys watch the masters for hours," Moore says, "but who is there to watch now?" The club and the gym are the necessary corpus of the game, and must be protected. Otherwise, it's like the guy hollered in St. Nick's: "Hit him in the stomach, kid. Hit him in the stomach. If you kill the body, then the head must die." (END)



"I wonder if you could identify something for me?"

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 81 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska.

Across the nation beaches are going commercial, in Maine a tradition is at last broken on a famous salmon pool, in Ontario a moose head wiggles its ears

BIG BUSINESS BY THE SEA

THE COAST is, of course, at once the beginning and the end. There "the high interiors" of the sea and the reaches of the land join at the dark lines of the tides. It is a place which has always drawn man seeking wild or wet—to walk, to fish, to swim or to lie on his back. It is also a place which is fast vanishing from the public domain.

According to a two-year survey by the National Park Service of the 3,700 miles of Atlantic and Gulf coastline, only 240 miles are now in federal or state ownership for public recreation purposes. For the most part, the rest is open to commercial exploitation.

Two decades ago the Service recommended that 12 sites comprising 437 miles of shore be preserved. Only one of the 12 was ever acquired. One such undeveloped area, 30 miles long, could have been purchased in 1935 for \$9,000 a mile. Today only nine miles of this stretch are left, and at a whopping price of \$110,000 a mile. "The seashore," as the Government grimly puts it, "has now become Big Business."

The Service wants at least 15% of

the surveyed coastline to be acquired for public use. Another 320 miles would do the trick. It lists three areas as being particularly desirable: Cumberland Island in the southeastern part of Georgia; the undeveloped portion of Fire Island, New York and the Outer Beach of Cape Cod, extending southward from Provincetown. Considerable funds and public support, however, are needed.

Melville's Ishmael wondered at the "thousands upon thousands of mortal men fixed in ocean reveries" who must get "just as nigh the water as they possibly can without falling in." He would be even more amazed if he found this strange but natural bent blocked at almost every turn by signs, ominously reading: KEEP OUT. NO FISHING. PRIVATE PROPERTY.

SHUTOUT

PENOBSCOT River not far from Bangor, Maine itself, passed a sad milestone at sunset on July 15. That evening,

Atlantic salmon season closed on the river, and for the first time no catch could be entered in yellowing Penobscot Salmon Club record books. Sadder still, the shutout which began April 1 snapped an honored pool tradition. Presidents Wilson, Harding, Hoover, Coolidge, Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower all had dined on the season's first salmon out of the Bangor pool. This year there were none to send, and oldtimers are at a loss to explain the dark chapter in clubhouse annals. Said one: "It's a shame to let Ike down," and with that, salmon season on the Penobscot came to an end.

NOT SO MIGHTY MOOSE

THE HEAD of a moose, even with the body of a moose attached, is an awesome sight, but by itself, just lying in the wilderness, it possesses a lonely if gauche majesty.

Such an isolated moose head is what a crew of Great Lakes Fisheries researchers stumbled across while working in a marsh near Geraldton, Ontario



BIRD BRANGLE

When a swan tails too close to a Canadian goose family an altercation like the one above is certain to develop. The goose



hustles her young toward safety, and the gander goes on heroic offensive. In the first picture he seems to be doing nobly, but

recently. Some of the crewmen had seen moose heads sans moose after the autumn hunting and following an attack by wolves, so they weren't too startled. That is, not until the moose head's ears commenced a plaintive wiggle. Further research by the researchers revealed that there is, indeed, often more moose than meets the eye. Beneath the boggy ground a moose's body languished.

The crew lassoed the beast but was unable to pull it free. It was not until several passing motorists were pressed into service that the big fellow was finally hauled to the surface, thoroughly damp but apparently none the worse for having been bogged down.

A few minutes later the moose, head and body, got to its feet and wobbled off toward firmer footing.

ORBIT

On Friday the 13th of July another effort to raise a whooping crane in captivity failed. The second of two chicks died six weeks after it was hatched at New Orleans' Audubon Park Zoo. When the chick popped from its egg on May 29 it was hardly the size of a robin. But only two days before its death from a common bird lung infection, when photographed with Parents Crip and Josephine, it weighed 4½ pounds and stood 33½ inches tall. After months of trial, triumph and tragedy, Downcast Zoo Director George Douglass observed: "There must be something to this Friday the 13th business after all." But Douglass, in spite of discouragement, made one thing clear: They will all try again next year, hard and with hope.



ALMOST TWENTY-NINE

THE UNITED STATES has 28 national parks, including all types of terrain and ranging in size from tiny Platt National Park in Oklahoma, 912 acres, to enormous Yellowstone covering more than 2 million acres in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. But, the Senate willing, No. 29 may soon be a lush, tropical reality, 1,400 miles south of New York in the Caribbean Sea. Since 1954, with funds donated by Laurance S. Rockefeller, Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc. (a Rockefeller-inspired organization which is largely responsible for Grand Teton National Park) has been buying land on lovely St. John Island, discovered and named by one Christopher Columbus when he touched at

the Virgin Islands in 1493. Five thousand acres of 19-square-mile St. John, only a few miles from touristically famed St. Thomas, has already been acquired, and the total may reach 9,600 acres. All of it has been offered as a national park to the government. The House has voted acceptance. It is hoped the Senate will follow suit before adjournment.

BUSY

THOSE who are inclined to take a dolefully fatalistic view of America's conservationist future can derive more than small comfort from the accomplishments of Explorer Scout Troop 29 of Leland, Michigan.

Since 1950 Troop 29, 51 Explorers strong, has planted 411,500 game cover seedlings and evergreens for sportsmen and soil conservationists. During 1954 it constructed and now patrols 140 wood duck-nesting boxes, 75% of which are duck inhabited. In the Solon Creek watershed it has placed 37 tons of rock stream deflectors and in Lake Leelanau installed 40 bass spawning boxes. The troop has shown conservation films to 11,000 people and all in all carried on 192 consecutive weeks of conservation work. Current projects include the construction of more bass boxes, a grouse census, erosion control and the acceptance of a multitude of conservation awards. So far this year Troop 29 has been cited for the Annual Youth

continued on next page



in the second the swan is almost convinced that a good big bird can lick a good little one. In the third the swan nips the gander

with a fine uppercut and, finally alone in the watery ring, stretches victoriously. Still, the outweighed, outreached gander



did his bit. He kept the swan busy while his goslings paddled away and left it perhaps with second thoughts of a rematch.

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Achievement Award of Parents Magazine and the Percy Hoffmaster Award of the Michigan United Conservation Clubs (60,000 members). Four troop members have been cited for William T. Hornaday Awards, and Scoutmaster William Pritchard, a 47-year-old Traverse City helicopter-blade designer, has been presented with the Michigan Outdoor Writers' Association Award as the state's outstanding conservationist. And, to cap what is already an unusually impressive record, Ted Pettit, chairman of the Conservation Committee of the Boy Scouts National Council, has named Troop 29 the "outstanding scout troop in the world of conservation."

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO—season opened (or opened); SC—season closed (or closed); C—clear water; D—water dirty or oily; M—water muddy; N—water at normal height; RH—slightly high; H—high; VH—very high; L—low; R—rising; F—falling; WTS—water temperature 51°; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OVG—outlook very good; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OP—outlook poor.

STEELHEAD: GARDEN Steelhead swimming up Columbia River and OVG on sand bars near Rainier as many anglers are taking limits to 15 pounds on cherry bobbers.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Water M but F and steelheading worthwhile on Stamp and Ash rivers, Bero River, Coquihalla and Silver Creek M but clearing and FG/OG.

FISH BOX

Among last week's notable catches: by Victor Peterson of Tacoma, Washington, a 64-pound CHINOOK SALMON on 15-pound-test line in Puget Sound near Anderson Island for the largest chinook from those waters since 1880; a 90-pound TARPON on 12-pound-test line after an hour-and-25-minute imbroglio by George MacGreevy of Elmira, New York, which he promptly released after subduing it near Islamorada in the Florida Keys; by Carl Pierceall of Muskogee, Oklahoma, a 368-pound SLUG MARLIN taken off Port Aransas, Texas after a 2-hour grunt-and-grunker to become the first salt-water catch of his life; a 17-pound 4-ounce LAKE TROUT from Eel's Lake, north of Peterborough, Ontario by 14-year-old Arnold Brown of Agsey; by George Ratgers of Allentown, Penn., a 343½-pound MUSKELLUNGER out of Chautauque Lake, N.Y.

MUSKELLUNGER: NEW YORK: Muskrugs in the 30-pound class beginning to hit in Chautauque Lake as state project to clean out overhatch weeds pays dividends; OG.

WISCONSIN: FG throughout state last week as Ray Baker Jr., of Church, Virginia, brother-in-law of Milton Eisenhower, snagged a 26-pounder out of Catfish Lake. Eagle River area, Hayward area, especially in Chippewa Flowage yielding samples to 40 pounds and OVG.

MINNESOTA: Southerly winds, calm water and temperatures to 50° made last week most inactive-active of the season. Leech Lake, Lake Audubon and Ramsey Lake caught spots as Fron Almon of Kukla, Fran and Ogie TV fame belted a 21-pounder from the latter; OG.

TROUT: WASHINGTON: Aerial survey last week showed that lakes on northwest slope of Cascades at 5,000-foot level are opening and such

lakes as Jordan's, Monogram, Falls, Jug, Shide and Pound should provide action by this weekend. FG now on Lost Lake with rainbows and cutthroats to 17 inches being creelied; OVG.

CALIFORNIA: Kamloops ranching deep-rooted lines in Sacramento River arm of Shasta Lake Northern area of Battle and Cow creeks, Lake Alvarado and tributaries all furnishing more than an angler's money's worth. High Bikes in Kings, San Joaquin and Kaweah watersheds picking up as runoff subsides and OG.

MICHIGAN: Local thunderstorms keeping west branch of Sturgeon and Pigeon River trout leaders H and R but Manistee, Pere Marquette, Platte and Bear adverb FF for browns. FF for brookies on bay water but smaller creeks such as Little Belles, Green, Oshtemo, Cedar and Maple creeks producing and OG.

IDAHO: Evening fishing fast as local spy smuglers out intelligence that anecdotal catches are being made on number 18 Cochrans at Canyon Creek Hole at mouth of Pocat Creek; data carefully evaluated and OVG. Northern state OG as Pack River headwaters west of Big Lost FG, Selway and Lochs rivers SH but C and should be coming into their own. Root River drainage FG with main Bone above Twin Springs ripe for number 12 Bonanzas in the evening but Adams 12s and 14s seem to be the fly at mouth of Reservoir in midstate; OVG all over.

PACIFIC MARLIN: WASHINGTON: FF at the moment but Ernest Krunzhak of Bellingham is unrepentant. Fishing between Walling and Squalicum, made the fish a solid strike and hauled in a complete trolling outfit on the end of which was a 12-pound fish.

CALIFORNIA: Chinooks to 25 pounds turning off Humboldt Bay and in Trinity River where hot spots in between Big Bar and Junction City. Party boats also limiting off Farallones in calm water and OVG.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: FG throughout Campbell River area for limit catches of spring fish. Tyne runs not yet mounted and one expected any day at River's tale and Phillip's Arm; OVG generally.

BLUE MARLIN: BRITISH WEST INDIES: S. J. Henry of Yonkers, Ohio seemed to have the fourth annual Riviera Blue Marlin Tournament won, but the Friday the 13th jinx worked again. Henry had hooked and fought a 100-pound fish to the boat when his rod tip broke and disqualified the catch. Unfazed in a determined, he had his mate get the line, and tried to another outfit. He promptly smashed the tip on that one. By this time even the marlin had had enough and it was finished with gaffing distress. Henry's fish weighed 425 pounds and 12 ounces, but the winning catch was produced by Victor Till of Del Rey Beach, Florida, who doctored a 140-pounder legally caught on one rod only. In spite of not-so-constructive tournament week like marlin OG for balance of month.

FLORIDA: All of last week's marlin troubles were not in Brown, as Buck Casper of Miami, fishing off Marathon, battled an estimated 300-pound fish for 3½ hours, brought it to the boat and carefully watched it snap the line on the flying gaff which tested approximately 1,100 pounds.

NORTH CAROLINA: Gulf Stream off Nags Head on Dare Coast proving itself a marlin bullwhack as the third bite of the season, a 225-pounder was hooked last week by Louis Williams III of Monogram, Pa. Many fish sighted, some raised and OG for the summer if hard weather doesn't interfere.

TEXAS: Several fish raised and one hooked off Port Aransas last week; OG.

WHITE MARLIN: MARYLAND: Ocean City spent looking about greatest run in years around the world-famous Jack Spot. 620 fish were hooked last week, of which three-quarters were released, but one 115-pounder boated. Concentration expected to last for next week with better than average bill fishing expected through fall.

NEW JERSEY: Schools of marlin fishing off Atlantic City and Beach Haven with three hooked last week but many more hooked by unsupervised blue fishermen who sacrificed tackle for the privilege.



A GOLDEN FISH TO WASHINGTON

A specimen of New Hampshire's rare Lake Sunapee golden trout is touched up by Bernard Corvos before being shipped to the august Smithsonian Institution as the first of its species to be so honored.

● **BASEBALL** by **ROBERT FROST**

The All-Star Game is an All-American affair. Appropriately, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED invited America's greatest living poet to sit in the grandstand as guest columnist. Here with his impressions, which he sums up happily as a

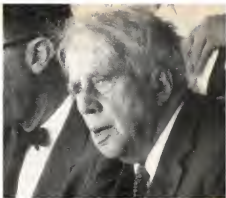
'PERFECT DAY—A DAY OF PROWESS'

AMERICANS would rather watch a game than play a game. Statement true or false? Why, as to these thousands here today to watch the game and not play it, probably not one man-jack but has himself played the game in his athletic years and got himself so full of bodily memories of the experience (what we farmers used to call kinesthetic images) that he can hardly sit still. We didn't burst into cheers immediately, but an exclamation swept the crowd as if we felt it all over in our muscles when Boyer at third made the two impossible catches, one a stab at a grounder and the other a leap at a line drive that may have saved the day for the National League. We all winced with fellow feeling when Berra got the foul tip on the ungloved fingers of his throwing hand.

As for the ladies present, they are here as next friends to the men, but even they have many of them pitching arms and batting eyes. Many of them would prefer a league ball to a pumpkin. You wouldn't want to catch them with bare hands. I mustn't count it against them that I envision one in the outfield at a picnic with her arms spread wide open for a fly ball as for a descending man-angel. Luckily it didn't hit her in the mouth which was open too, or it might have hurt her beauty. It missed her entirely.

How do I know all this and with what authority do I speak? Have I not been written up as a pitcher in *The New Yorker* by the poet, Raymond Holden?—though the last full game I pitched in was on the grounds of Rockingham Park in Salem, New Hampshire, before it was turned into a race track. If I have shone at all in the all-star games at Breadloaf in Vermont it has been as a relief pitcher with a soft ball I despise like a picture window. Moreover I once took an honorary degree at Williams College along with a very famous pitcher, Ed Lewis, who will be remembered and found in the record to have led the National League in pitching quite a long time ago. His degree was not for pitching. Neither was mine. His was for presiding with credit over the University of New Hampshire and the

continued on next page



FROST FOLLOWS GAME INTENTLY. BUES SEEM NERVOUSLY (BELOW)



FINALLY, THE TENSE MOMENT PAST, HE RELAXES INTO BROAD SMILE





GREAT KUENN ROBBERY NO. 1: THE CARDS' KEN BOYER AT THIRD FOR THE NATIONAL LEAGUE, DIVES FAR TO HIS LEFT TO SPEAR



THE ALL-STAR GAME

continued from page 51

Massachusetts College of Agriculture. He let me into the secret of how he could make a ball behave when his arm was just right. It may sound superstitious to the uninitiated, but he could push a cushion of air up ahead of it for it to slide off from any way it pleased. My great friendship for him probably accounts for my having made a trivial 10¢ bet on the National League today. He was a Welshman from Utica who, from having attended esteddfods at Utica with his father, a bard, had like another Welsh friend of mine, Edward Thomas, in England, come to look on a poem as a performance one had to win. Chicago was my first favorite team because Chicago seemed the nearest city in the league to my original home town, San Francisco. I have conquered that prejudice. But I mean to see if the captain of it, Anson my boyhood hero, is in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown where he belongs.

May I add to my self-citation that one of my unfulfilled promises on earth was to my fellow in art, Alfred Kreymborg, of an epic poem some day about a ball batted so hard by Babe Ruth that it never came back, but got to going round and round the world like a satellite. I got up the idea long before any artificial moon was thought of by the scientists. I meant to begin something like this:

*It was nothing to nothing at the end of the tenth
And the prospects good if would last to the nth.*

It needs a lot of work on it before it can take rank with *Cassey at the Bat*.

In other words, some baseball is the fate of us all. For my part I am never more at home in America than at a baseball game like this in Clark Griffith's gem of a field, gem small, in beautiful weather in the capital of the country and my side winning. Here Walter Johnson flourished, who once threw a silver dollar across the Potomac (where not too wide) in emulation of George Washington, and here Gabby Street caught the bulletlike ball dropped from the top of George Washington's monument. It is the time and the place. And I have with me as consultant the well-known symbolist, Howard Schmitt of Buffalo, to mind my baseball slang and interpret the incidentals. The first player comes to the bat, Temple of the Redlegs, swinging two bats as he comes, the meaning of which or moral of which, I find on application to my consultant, is that we must always arrange to have just been doing something beforehand a good deal harder than what we are just going to do.

But when I asked him a moment later what it symbolized when a ball got batted into the stands and the people instead of dodging in terror fought each other fiercely to get and keep it and were allowed to keep it, Howard bade me hold on; there seemed to be a misunderstanding between us. When he accepted the job it was orally; he didn't mean to represent himself as a symbolist in the high-brow or middle-brow sense of the word, that is as a collegiate expounder of the double entendre for college classes; he was a common ordinary cymbalist in a local band somewhere out on the far end of the Erieby Canal. We were both honest men. He didn't want to be taken for a real professor any more than I wanted to be taken for a real



GREAT KUENN ROBBERY NO. 2: THIS TIME AGILE BOYER DIVES FAR TO HIS RIGHT SIDE, SHARES KUENN'S SIZZLING FIFTH-INNING





SINKING LINE DRIVE FROM BAT OF DETROIT'S HARVEY KUENN IN FIRST INNING OF ALL-STAR GAME; ROYCE FELL HARD BUT HELD ON TO BALL

sport. His utmost wish was to contribute to the general noise when home runs were made. He knew they would be the most popular hits of the day. And they were—four of them from exactly the four they were expected from, Musial, Williams, Mays and Mantle. The crowd went wild four times. Howard's story would have been more plausible if he had brought his cymbals with him. I saw I would have to take care of the significances myself. This comes of not having got it in writing. The moral is always get it in writing.

Time was when I saw nobody on the field but the players. If I saw the umpire at all it was as an enemy for not taking my side. I may never have wanted to see bottles thrown at him so that he had to be taken out by the police. Still I often regarded him with the angry disfavor that the Democratic Party showed the Supreme Court in the '30s and other parties have shown it in other crises in our history. But now grown psychological, shading 100, I saw him as a figure of justice, who stood forth alone to be judged as a judge by people and players with whom he wouldn't last a week if suspected of the least lack of fairness or the least lack of faith in the possibility of fairness. I was touched by his loneliness and glad it was relieved a little by his being five in number, five in one so to speak, a *pluribus unum*. I have it from high up in the judiciary that some justices see in him an example to pattern after. Right there in front of me for reassurance is the umpire brought up perhaps in the neighborhood of Boston who can yet be depended upon not to take sides today for or against the American League or the Boston Red Sox belong to. Let me

celebrate the umpire for any influence for the better he may have on the Supreme Court. The justices suffer the same predicaments with him. I saw one batter linger perceptibly to say something to the umpire for calling him out on a third strike. I didn't hear what the batter said. One of the hardest things to accept as just is a called third strike.

It has been a day of prowess in spite of its being a little on the picnic side and possibly not as desperately fought as it might be in a World Series. Prowess, prowess, in about equal strength for both sides. Each team made 11 hits, two home runs and not a single error. The day was perfect, the scene perfect, the play perfect. Prowess of course comes first, the ability to perform with success in games, in the arts and, come right down to it, in battle. The nearest of kin to the artists in college where we all become bachelors of arts are their fellow performers in baseball, football and tennis. That's why I am so particular college athletics should be kept from corruption. They are close to the soul of culture. At any rate the Greeks thought so. Justice is a close second to prowess. When displayed toward each other by antagonists in war and peace, it is known as the nobility of noble natures. And I mustn't forget courage, for there is neither prowess nor justice without it. My fourth, if it is important enough in comparison to be worth bringing in, is knowledge, the mere information we can't get too much of and can't ever get enough of, we complain, before going into action.

As I say, I never feel more at home in America than at a ball game be it in park or in sandlot. Beyond this I know not. And dare not. (END)



GRINDER, PLAT ON HIS STOMACH AND SEEMINGLY COMPLETELY OUT OF PLAY. ROYCE ROSE IN TIME TO THROW KUENN OUT AT FIRST BASE

CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: MARTY MARION

The White Sox manager, fired twice as "defeatist" and "unaggressive," rebukes his critics and declares that—Yankees or no—his eyes are on the pennant

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPOL

SURE, I think Marty Marion's a good manager. Only thing I don't like about him," the Chicago White Sox fan said, "is the way he handles his pitchers. Look right now; bases loaded, a left-handed pinch hitter and the pitcher's lost his stuff. Casey Stengel would be right out there and change that pitcher . . . but not Marion.

"Look?" He pointed to the visitors' bullpen in the Cleveland Stadium. "Marion has a right-hander warming up. He should have a left-hander out there and put him in right now and not let that bum throw another ball."

Then, slowly, deliberately, Marty Marion ambled long-leggedly toward the mound. He spoke briefly to the troubled pitcher, and with eyes averted from the stands leisurely made his way back to the dugout.

"How do yuh like that? He's leaving him in there. He deserves to lose this one, doing a dumb thing like that!"

The pinch-hitter fled out, and the side was retired with no runs scored. The White Sox eventually won the game.

"Put in a left-handed pitcher!" It was after the game and Marty Marion echoed the thought as though it hurt him to say the words. "What left-handed pitcher? Billy Pierce? He pitched yesterday. Jack Harshman? He's pitching tomorrow. I only wish I had another left-handed pitcher. Maybe that guy who knows so much could tell me where I could get one.

"Until I became a manager I didn't realize there were so many good baseball managers in the world. Take him out! Take him out!" they always scream when the pitcher's wild and your head is being wrecked. They think just because you bring in a different pitcher, he'll be able to get the batter out.

"They say one of the things you have to do to be a successful manager is to be able to know when to change pitchers, and I guess that's true to a certain point, but whether you can change when you would like to depends on what you have in the bullpen. You also have to consider the pitcher's background, his past performances, the conditions he's playing under. Is it hot? Is it cool? Can he get left-handers or right-handers out? Who's hitting?"

"The biggest thing I ask myself is this: 'When I take a pitcher out, is the guy I'm bringing in any better?' Chances are, nine times out of 10, if you leave the guy in there he's more apt to get out of the situation than if you bring the guy in from the bullpen.

"The idea that one manager is so much smarter than the other is a lot of nonsense," Marion continued, obviously seething at the critic who had compared him unfavorably to Casey Stengel. "Most big league managers are smart, but some of them have better players than the others. I'm no smarter now than when I managed the Browns who finished last. The boys who wear the White Sox uniforms have made the difference."

When Martin Whitford Marion was the Cardinals' shortstop, nobody criticized him. He was generally considered the best shortstop in the game and everybody told him so, but since he's become a manager, he's been hired and fired a couple of times and accused of having no guts, being a softie and too nice a guy.

"After bringing the Cardinals into third place [in 1951] they fired me." Marion still smarts when he talks about it. "They said I wasn't aggressive enough and didn't go out and argue with the umpire and get kicked out of a ball game. . . . It's the easiest thing in the world to get kicked out of a ball game. The problem is to stay in.

"A manager is expendable. He's fired because you can't fire all the players, and to show you're doing something to help the club win, you get rid of the manager, which is convenient, but not always sound."

He got his second pink slip as a manager when the St. Louis Browns, whom he managed in '52 and '53, moved to Baltimore. Marion was left behind because Arthur Ehlers, the Orioles' general manager, felt that "unfortunately Marty impressed me as having a defeatist attitude."

That rankles, too, in Marion's long, lean innards. "It's a funny thing," he defended himself, "in football, in the beginning of each season, the coaches always say they aren't going to win. If a baseball manager does that, they say he has a defeatist attitude."

In 1954, swallowing his pride, Marion became an infield coach for the White Sox. There was less glory, less money, and there were fewer headaches connected with the job, but Marion wasn't to be aspirinless for long. That fall, when Paul Richards left the ball club to run the Baltimore Orioles, Chuck Comiskey reached into the infield and gave his coach the managerial berth.

"When we discussed the job," Comiskey said recently, "Marty said to me, 'I don't know whether you're going to

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MIDRIFTS are the focal point—covered or bare—in Jerry George's yellow dinner jacket and evening shorts (Palm Beach, \$47) and Dierdre Aboarn's tapa-print dinner dress (Greta Plattery, \$38). Jerry's piqué dinner shirt has lace-edged placket (Arrow, \$71), and his madras bow tie matches cummerbund (Royal ElastiGie, \$8).



COLOR is the quickest way to be up to date. Alfred Jollon's "sundown etat" and dinner trousers (Palm Beach, \$48) are further dandified with a knife-pleated-bosom shirt (Arrow, \$6) and madras cummerbund and tie like those worn above. Barbara Blount's dinner dress is a floor-length silk shirt (Claire McCardell, \$92).



NEW FORMAL PLUMAGE

IT WAS probably inevitable. The golfer who just made a sartorial splash on the golf course in a pair of red plaid slacks would not be a man to give up his new freedom of plumage overnight. This new and rugged individualist has inspired even old-line traditionalists in the evening-clothes business. This summer for the first time he has ample choice of bright colors for formal occasions—the country club dance, or a formal dinner party beside a swimming pool.

And there's more than color in this new era of casual elegance. There are Bermuda-length dinner shorts, with formal ribbon stripe down each abbreviated leg. There is the waist-length mess jacket which looks like a jaunty fashion comeback. The traditional cummerbund is enlivened in color and diminished in weight by the use of cool madras or cotton broadcloth. And informal evening shirts now bear rows of pin tucking and lace.

The individualist's approach is important in women's summer evening clothes, too. The proper combination of informality and elegance can be achieved by wearing a floor-length version of an informal dress—say a silk shirt, or a full separate skirt of casual cotton print batik or madras worn with a décolleté sun-type top.

MESS JACKET of white silk (After Sox \$95) is tailored by John Wilson with a peaked formal shirt with double rows of lace (Arrow, \$8) and cummerbund and tie with Coast Guard signals (Royal Elastic, \$10).

DIAGNOSIS: knife wound in the heart



UNDER THE blazing blue sledge hammer of a Chicago heat wave, the cramped operating room shimmered like an oven, reeking of ether. Six frock-coated doctors huddled in fascination, watching deft hands reach into a human chest and stitch up a wound in a pulsing heart.

Would he live? The surgeon nipped his brow and hoped. The year was 1893; the operation, fantastic.

Live? Yes, he would live for many more years, thanks to the skill and courage of Dr. Daniel Hale Williams.

Abandoned as a child, Williams, a Negro, had struggled hard for his medical education. Now only 37, he had already founded America's first interracial hospital, Provident. And here he had just performed the first of the pioneering operations that would mark him as a great surgeon.

Sensitive and brave, Daniel Hale Williams was blessed with an abundance of the same urge to help his fellow man that binds and strengthens Americans today.

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* * *

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half-yearly when held to maturity. And the longer you hold them, the better your return. Even after maturity, they go on earning 10 years more. So hold on to your Bonds! Join Payroll Savings today—or buy Bonds where you bank.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



for medium- and
high-handicap golfers

from **BILL SHIELDS**, Thorny Lea Golf Club, Brookton, Mass.

Bobby Jones played our course 32 years ago, played it for 10 days. I've watched all the great golfers from Alee Smith to Dr. Middlecoff, but I learned more from watching Jones than any other golfer. I'll tell you what impressed me the most; he shifted his weight beautifully. He never hit down; he hit through the ball.

I've been trying to get this across to my pupils for years, but it's tough. They hear that the pros hit down on the ball, so that's what they're going to do too. Only they do it wrong. They don't hit the ball on the downswing in the process of swinging through like the pros. They hammer down on the ball as if they were banging a nail into wood. They get into the bad habit of playing the ball too close to the right foot, and from that position they can't develop good hand action.

A very fine golfer will get more distance on his irons by playing the ball a little back, but the average golfer will dig. If he would play the ball in line with his left heel on all his shots, he'd hit through then. One more thing. You won't see real good golfers like the doctor taking a big hunk of turf to control their swing. They don't have to. They've already got their swing under control.



Incorrect (above):
chopping down at the ball



Correct (right):
hitting through the ball

NEXT WEEK: ED OLIVER ON AVOIDING FLATNESS

SUBJECT: MARTY MARION

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like me or I'm going to like managing the White Sox," but from what I had seen of his handling of the infielders and his over-all disposition, and the way the kids seemed to flock to him as a leader, I knew I liked him. He has a good philosophy. He believes that any boy who's in a major league club knows how to play baseball and wants to win. He knows what he wants to do and he doesn't jump into any quick decisions, but he can crack the whip when he wants to. He's quiet but firm.

"Last year when the team was bogging down, Marty called the men together and told them that after night games they had to be in their rooms within two hours and after day games they had to be in by midnight. 'If you're out after those hours, you're fining yourself \$100.' Two weeks later, three boys came in late. Marty didn't browbeat them. He just said, 'Gentlemen, you know the rule. You're fining yourselves!'"

Comiskey was so delighted with Marion's disposition, and the fact that he got the White Sox breathing down the Yankees' neck in the pennant race (the Sox haven't won a pennant since 1919), that he signed him to a straight two-year contract through 1957.

This vote of confidence has not gone unnoticed by Manager Marion.

"If the front office approves of the manager, and the manager approves of the players, it seems to be a happy situation," he said. "I have a pretty free hand in Chicago, and on the field my judgment—right or wrong—has never been questioned by Chuck Comiskey. He might have questioned it to himself, but not to me. The second guess is always nice to have, but it never wins ball games for you.

"Any honor or success I have as a manager is due to the fact that my players give me one hundred percent on the field. I tell them all the time that for me to be successful as a manager—if there is such a thing as a successful manager—you, first of all, have to be successful as players."

PROPER BUT NOT POPULAR

"I believe in treating my players as I would like to be treated myself, and if I treat them properly, I think I'll be a good manager. When I say properly, I mean this: You're not in a popularity contest with your players. The only thing you want to have is their respect. To make a guy respect you doesn't necessarily mean that every time he steps out of line you're going to fine him. He's not going to respect you. He's going to dislike you. You have to know each individual. Some you pat on the back. Others you have to kick in the pants. There are certain ballplayers who will take advantage of anybody's being good-natured. That's when I stop being good-natured. Right then!"

"When I say 'yes,' I mean yes. When I say 'no,' I mean no. I never say 'maybe.'" Marty Marion bit out the words and there was no maybe about what he meant.

"I have no personal feelings for ballplayers' likes or dislikes. I'm only interested in the job they do on the field. If I hate a guy and he's a good ballplayer, he'd be my No. 1 man. If my best friend in the whole world wasn't any good, he couldn't play for me. I have no sentimental reasons for playing certain types of ballplayers. I play them because of their ability.

"I feel ballplayers' personal problems interfere with their playing on the field. I don't permit any of them to answer phone calls in the clubhouse. Once they get in uniform, I don't want them thinking about anything but baseball.

"If they're happy at home, they tend to play better ball. I don't like to see athletes marry glamour girls. I like to see them marry homey girls who are interested in marriage and children.

"There are exceptions to this rule, of course. Some guys have marital difficulties, and it doesn't affect their play. Enos Slaughter has had five wives, and every time he gets married, he has a good year.

"But go figure it. A ballplayer who thinks he can go out and do things, or dissipate and get away with it, is crazy. There is no place he can go and hide. Too many people know you and too many people are willing to talk.

"I want my ballplayers to get their proper rest. Then they have a good chance of playing ball. Some ballplayers can play every day. Some can play better with rest. They all think they can play every day and resent being taken out but a manager has to have the foresight to rest them.

"There's one thing you have to watch. The better ballplayer you were gives you a tendency to say, 'He should have caught that ball,' because you think you would have caught it. Everybody can't be the same and you can't expect your ballplayers to be as good as you were or as bad as you were, whichever way it goes.

"I've had a rather funny career," Marion said. "All my life, and I'll be 39 in December, I've been a very nervous individual. As a player, I kept picking up pebbles and all that kind of junk, but it was just a question of nerves. Before every ball game, whether it was exhibition or World Series, my stomach went round and round.

"A doctor once told me, 'That's why you're a good athlete, because you reach a pitch. You're on edge all the time. I'm that way before I operate on a person, and I think most people who do well in a chosen profession are like that.'

"I don't get over that nervous feeling until the game is over, and if we win, I'm real happy. If we lose, I'm like the fellow with a real even disposition, mad all the time.

"A lot of times when we lose a ball game, I come home and don't even speak to my wife. Why I should take it out on her, I don't know, but I can't be happy or in a good mood when we lose. They say you should leave it at the office, so to speak. It's a good idea, but how do you do it?"

Marion wasn't looking for an answer. Since he was a skinny, outsize kid playing baseball barefooted in Piedmont Park in Atlanta, Ga., baseball has been his whole life.

"My mother was a great baseball fan," he said, "and she was a good athlete in school. My father was a real good amateur ballplayer and had a chance to play professional, but back in those days there wasn't too much money in baseball. He signed up, but never did appear. All my brothers—I'm the second oldest of four—were good athletes.

"I went to spring training with the Cardinals in 1937," he recalled. "I had only seen one big league game in my life and I didn't even know what the Gashouse Gang was, but five minutes after I had registered at the hotel in Daytona Beach, Mr. [Frankie] Frisch had me on the side saying, 'Kid, big league baseball is this. Have one good year, and you can fool them for five more.'

"Why, Mr. Frisch?"

"Because if you have one good year in baseball, for five more years they expect you to have another good one."

"I was a third baseman, but when I reported to camp they had 11 third basemen and no shortstops, so I figured I'd have a better chance making shortstop. I was 6 feet 3 inches and weighed about 160—I'm 180 now. A tall shortstop was unheard of then, but I didn't care.

"I can't think of anything exciting about my career as

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SUBJECT: MARTY MARION

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a ballplayer," Marion insisted. "It was just to play baseball day in and day out. I was very lucky to play with a good club. If I had been the same shortstop with a last-division club, I never would have been called Mr. Shortstop. When you're taking your bows about being a good ballplayer, you can thank the good Lord that you played with good ballplayers, which certainly helps.

"The only thing is, since I made the grade, the trend started to be toward tall shortstops. If they were agile enough, they could do more things. Most shortstops are getting into tall stages now. Chico Carrasquel, Harvey Kuenn, Gil McDougald. These boys aren't as tall as I am. Tall ones are still pretty rare, but the scouts are always looking for them.

"There have been very few pennants won without having a good shortstop. Outside the catcher, he's in more plays than any other man, and he's in the most important defensive position, for most balls go to the shortstop because there are mostly right-handed hitters in the league.

"Certain things a shortstop has to do are mostly God-given. You have to have a real good arm, a good pair of hands because you can't boot too many balls at shortstop and still throw them out. You have to have range and be able to go to your left or right equally as well because you have a lot of ground to cover. You have to be able to come in or go back on balls. One thing you don't have to be is a great hitter. Most teams feel if you hit .250, they'll carry you in that position.

COULDN'T HIT A LICK

"When I started training with the Cardinals, Frisch told someone who told it to me later. 'I don't see how that kid ever made it. He just couldn't hit the ball out of the infield. . . .' I don't think I ever got to bat. I did all the shagging for the guys who hit, but it was a wonderful experience.

"Originally, I had planned to be a mechanical engineer, and I went to Georgia Tech but quit to play baseball. My first year—I played with Rochester for three—I used to carry those engineering books around with me. I used to study them, too, because I looked so lousy playing ball, but it's funny how, the better I got, the books seemed to drop aside. When I got established, I forgot all about mechanical engineering and I'm sure glad.

"Wally Alston was my roommate that first year in Rochester, but I was so homesick, all I could think of was my family and my girl, Mary [Dallas], but I knew I should stick with it because homesickness was part of the trials and tribulations of being a ballplayer. Once I got married, Dec. 27, 1937, it made a better ballplayer out of me because I had peace of mind and something to work for.

"My wife sometimes tells me that I'm dull, but she loves me anyway. Don't ask me why. She says she has two purposes in life, our four daughters and to make me happy. I'm kind of a loner and I don't have many close friends. If it wasn't for my family, I probably would be down in Florida fishing or out in Texas hunting, but as it is, I want to give my family everything I never had.

"We've just moved into a great big English-type home on two and a half acres, mostly woods, in the suburbs of St. Louis."

Marion, who is a partner in the F. and M. Investment Co. (Fischmann and Marion) in his adopted city, stopped to count the number of rooms in his house. "Let's see, there's a real big living room, lots of bedrooms. I guess

there are about 14 rooms in all. It's real nice. One block away is the best high school in town and another block away is the grammar school. Mary got tired of driving the girls to school and I got tired of picking up nannies.

"Yesterday morning I felt right at home here in the hotel. We'd checked in from Chicago about 8 a.m. and I went to bed. I just about got to sleep when there was a knock on the door. The Rainbow Girls were having a convention, and half a dozen of 'em were standing there. They wanted to borrow a glass. I went and got it for them," he said agreeably.

Later, when the White Sox manager was in the hotel lobby with Stuart Smith, a former ballplayer he had known in Rochester, the Rainbow Girls burst upon them in all their teen-age glory.

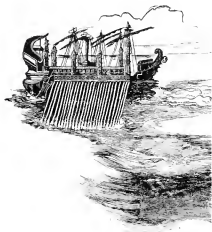
"We'd like your autograph," they said to Marion in chorus. "You're a ballplayer, aren't you?"

Full of smiles and Southern charm, Marion signed. One of the girls suddenly decided the tall, unfamiliar fellow wasn't a ballplayer after all.

"Why are you signing?" she challenged.

"Oh, I just like to sign autographs," he drawled and kept right on signing.

Stu Smith had invited Marion and Coaches Del Wilber and George Myatt to a barbecue steak dinner in his suburban home after the Saturday afternoon game.



"It's a good thing we won," Marion said gaily as the men piled into Smith's car, "or I'd be awful bad company."

In the front seat Del Wilber wiped his brow in heated memory. "Whew, it was hot out there in the bullpen. You know those baseball shoes are made out of kangaroo leather and they expand with the heat, but my feet were sticking out in the sun so long and swelled up so much I could hardly get my shoes off."

"Del paints baseballs," Marion said proudly of his coach. "You ought to see them. After every winning game he decorates the ball the last out was made with and gives it to the winning pitcher."

"Billy Pierce has 13 of 'em already this year, but he came to me this morning," Wilber said, "and asked, 'Where is my ball from yesterday?' . . . I'm going to paint a picture of an Indian on that one."

They talked about the game, how they had worried in the first innings when the bases were loaded against them, and how their win and a Yankee win had offset each other.

"You know what'll happen if we win a pennant," Third Base Coach Myatt daydreamed. "In every player's room will be a little box from Chuck Coniskey and in it will be a key to a new car."

"If we had a guy like Mickey Mantle, we wouldn't have to worry about a pennant," Marion mused. "We'd win it."

When he settled himself comfortably on a deck chair in

the Smiths' backyard, saying "this is real peaceful," the manager picked up the discussion about the pennant.

"I think our ball club with its share of breaks can win the pennant. I think we can beat Cleveland and the Red Sox. The Yankee ball club is certainly the one to be reckoned with. The first part of this year, when they jumped off to a big lead, I thought maybe they would walk away with the race, but I've changed my mind completely. They have a little better all-round talent, but I don't think they can dominate the league. We'll give them a battle. We have better pitching and a tremendous team spirit."

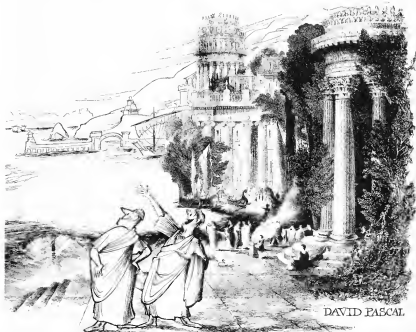
"To sum up the chances of the White Sox, we are a well-balanced ball club with good pitching, a good defensive ball club with speed, a team that has enough power to go all the way, provided Larry Doby can do the job."

"Unless you have a long-ball hitter, you have a tough time winning because it takes three singles to make a run. One blow of the bat with a long hitter and you've got a run. We are in the home-run era of baseball and play for the home run much more than in the past."

"This modern day of baseball is certainly different from the type they played when they had a dead ball. Apart from that, just like there's nothing new under the sun, there's nothing new in baseball either. . . .

"I don't think it can be preached too strongly to young

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"By Jupiter, she's got."

SUBJECT: MARTY MARION

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ballplayers to look ahead and save enough money so they can go into business," Marion said, switching the conversation abruptly. "What I mean is this: the public respects you, Marty Marion or Joe Doaks, highly. Why? Because I wear that monkey suit out there. I take off that uniform and am no longer associated with baseball, so people forget me. The friends I call real friends are the ones who like me when I bat .200 and not .300. The ones who like me in all kinds of weather."

Smith's backyard was abuzz with activity. The children had tired of playing on their bicycles. The steaks were sizzling on the outdoor grill and dinner was almost ready.

"Do you feel happier as a manager than as a player?"

"I really don't know." He sipped his beer and dunked a shrimp into spicy sauce. "I haven't decided yet. They are in the same profession, naturally, but they're entirely different. Playing, you feel you're a part of the game. Your personal doings, whether you have good days or bad days, are the whole realm of your thinking."

"For instance, you don't see one player admiring another player for his ability. You only see the managers admiring the players they wish they had."

"When you're a manager all personal thinking is forgot-

ten. You think entirely of mass things, and what I thought was funny as a player sometimes seems tragic to me as a manager. I didn't realize that losing a ball game could affect me the way it does. I didn't realize I'd worry as much about what other guys do; how they live, how they eat, how they sleep. I didn't realize that criticisms from fans could be so numerous. Some of them try to be constructive, some of them give you hell all the time; but it's surprising how few letters of criticism you get when you're winning. You do everything the same way, except you win or lose. But there's a big difference. Everybody loves a winner."

"Marty?" Mrs. Smith, the hostess, called. "I want you to meet a neighbor of mine, and look what she brought you?"

The two women came into the yard carrying a big cardboard box. Everyone gathered around to see the surprise.

It was a large layer cake. The frosting was the grassy green of a baseball diamond, and a tiny white candy baseball with chocolate stitching rested on the mound. The neighbors looked very proud.

What held Manager Marion's appreciative eyes the most were the sugar-coated words, "To the Next Champs."

"Thanks," he said, "thanks . . . but let's save it for tomorrow and bring it to the ball park. I want my players to see this." **END**



The world's first four-minute miler good-humoredly discusses the headaches of fan mail, all part of the

PRICE OF FAME

The author, who gave up pursuit of track records to become a physician, writes a column for the London Sunday Times

IT IS SOMETIMES overlooked that the penny post made fan mail possible. It is unlikely, for example, that Byron was greatly troubled by autograph hunters when he awoke to find himself famous on the appearance of *Child Harold*, though women who fell in love with him may have written to request a lock of his hair.

Today not to receive such attention is a sign of not having arrived, or of becoming a back number. Yet many a lesser light shudders at the flap of the letter box, fearing the problems that come with the morning mail.

A German student cheerfully flung at me the following "asks": he says there is some urgency, because he needs the answers for an examination.

I can decipher the first questions: "What is my great, weight and step great?" and "Was I grown on town or land in the youth age?" I am in difficulties with "What are in this discipline your best display, special in sprint?" and I am in deep waters with "Here you all the time to train the middle part?"

But I am utterly defeated by his last question: "How is your fence time to the width of your arcade time?" I am unhappy to be the cause of this able and earnest student's failing his examination.

A PROBLEM OF ARITHMETIC

Here is a more difficult problem. "I am 12 years of age, I can run 80 yards in 11 seconds and 220 yards in 28 seconds. Last year I could only run 80 yards in 14 seconds. Can you tell me what speed I should be running 220 yards in three years' time?"

To this seeker I must confess that I failed arithmetic at school because I could not answer the problem of filling the leaky vase.

Autograph hunting adds most letters to the postman's burden; it seems to be accepted as a growing pain of

modern childhood. The highly organized collector now sends typed requests with "Please sign the enclosed card along the dotted line." I can see my name being filed away in endless cabinets labeled "European ex-Athlete, 1950-60."

Sometimes the request is in a childish hand: "Please would you put your name six times on one piece of paper, because my brothers and sisters want one too."

This wholesale demand might not



BLOWING BUBBLES WILDLY AT 1½ MINUTES

raise suspicion if it were not for the disquieting knowledge that in the autograph market six of mine are needed for one of Pirie's.

Some of the letters contained veiled threats: "I have written to various athletes, yet you can't imagine how many didn't have the courtesy to reply." Perhaps I can. Sometimes, when faced with a six-page letter, I wonder whether the writer imagines that I spend my days dictating briskly to a squad of secretaries. Film stars may have such facilities, but not athletes.

Some appeals are too touching to be refused. From an envelope inscribed with simple optimism, "Roger Bannister, Miler, England," a tattered yellow paper fell out on which was written: "Kind Sir, I hear you very kind sir. Hence I address you these sweet-able words. I have curly black hair

brown eyes. If you send me your picture I will send you my picture and a monkey skin. Please I will be your friend for ever. I have not anything more to say, but only greeting you."

My thoughts leave the gray drizzle outside and drift to some distant island in the tropics, where the palms throw long purple shadows. In a mission hut a woolly head bends assiduously over a sheet of paper torn from an exercise book. A boy's mind wanders from his task. His limbs ache to be lithely running in the sunshine.

I am moved by this picture; but I want to know more about monkey skins. Do they smell? If I collected enough, would a full-length monkey-skin coat be a suitable reward for my wife's long labors replying to these letters—helping to hold the bonds of Commonwealth together?

Some letters bring immediate personal danger. I was nearly drowned a few weeks ago by attempting to answer a worried young letter-writer who appeared to be training for the mile by holding his breath under his bath water. He complained that he could not manage more than three minutes, and wondered whether he ought to give up athletics.

Will he be satisfied by the knowledge that I was blowing bubbles wildly at 1½ minutes, and at two minutes had swallowed half a pint? I hope he never discovers that the world record of six minutes 29.8 seconds was set up in 1912 by a French bath attendant who, as far as I know, never tested his lungs on a running track.

The lower fourth at a girls' school had another idea. They wanted me a) to run as fast as I could up as many stairs as I could; b) to time how long I took; c) to count the stairs and measure the treads.

If I did all this, and was still alive, they promised that their physics mistress would work out my horsepower.

So the daily battle is waged with letters from young and old. Parents request autographs for children too young to wield the pen; elderly ladies write, "An uncle of the same name last heard of in 1880 had remarkably similar facial characteristics and a long stride—are we related?"

I do not believe that writing fan letters, like writing for newspapers, is necessarily the first sign of madness.

To the proposers of marriage I might be tempted to send a lock of my fast-thinning hair, with a fine Byronic gesture. But for some reason my wife seems to delight in answering these letters. (END)

THE SANCTITY OF SPORTS

Sirs:

I was distressed to read your description of the first "polithathlon" (E & D, July 2), and I was the more disturbed when I saw that you had continued the subject the following week. The implication of the two pieces is decidedly political, and the importance of their subjects to the world of sport is dubious. Since **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has devoted itself to sports, why then let us stick to sports and sports alone, unadulterated by political selections (if such a thing is possible in an election year). I would indeed be loth to see the most enjoyable of my sanctuaries sullied by the dark influences of the world's second oldest profession.

ALAN ROTH

New York

FURTHER FIELD STUDIES

Sirs:

I am delighted with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s discovery of the polithathlon and am anxious to direct the editors' attention to three other branches of this new sporting field.

First, there is the theathlon. The arena is generally the front lawn of the local parish church and the cause is good. Sporting events such as throwing balls at milk cans, pony riding, shooting at toy balloons with popguns are staple features, and the idea generally is to try everything as often as possible at 25¢ a throw, taking due care not to carry off too many prizes since the Great Umpire presumably has his eye on you.

Then there is the reunionathlon. This has one of the features of the Olympic Games in as much as it takes place only at regular intervals: the sixth, 10th and 25th reunions of college classes. Events are generally the 50-yard run for dads with more than four children; the flapjack race for the better-looking class wives and of course the everybody-welcome softball game. There are also informal sessions, such as the poker game for those corporate executives of \$25,000 and over.

Lastly, there is that rather trying, but inescapable, event: the patrathalon. Patrathalons (or so the pedants have it:

patrathalon) are scheduled in kindergarten and lower schools all over the country on Fathers' Visiting Days. I have attended many, but even so the rules are still hazy to me although my 6-year-old can explain them. There is much sitting around in circles, complicated clapping of hands and chanting of not altogether clear words at the proper time. Initiative gestures and movements symbolizing birds, flowers and the like are also part of it.

Each one of these curious sporting gatherings follows its own rules as if presided over by an unseen Mr. Brundage, but as far as I know **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is the first to make a field trip to document a typical polithathlon meet. Now that you have made the pioneering step, go forward. The day is not far off when people will say that today's polithathlon cannot compare to the wonderful old days before the livelier haggipses and the hardy politices who would think nothing of staring "raspberry-flavored success" in the face and meet its melting glance unflinchingly.

JOHN CLARKE

New York

- And don't forget delegate-baiting, which is the current rage.—ED.

WASHINGTON A-HUNTING

Sirs:

In his article *Virgilio's Finest Horseman* (**SPORTS OF THE PRESIDENTS**, July 2), Mr. Durant notes that Washington was a rather poor speller. Spelling rules have changed considerably in 180 years. Furthermore, at that time there were no set rules for spelling or punctuation and if there had been, Washington would, as a rich man's son, have been taught them.

THOMAS FUCHS

Beverly Hills, Calif.

- Although Webster had not yet brought out his speller, spelling "with a clear, and full, but soft voice" was part of a boy's schooling even in Washington's day, however, George Washing-

ton, without father or fortune, left school at the age of about 15. All his life Washington was overly sensitive to "a consciousness of a defective education," which in part decided him against writing his oft-requested commentary on the American Revolution. Washington spelled almost entirely by ear, coming up with such haphazard jottings as "correspondences," "leisure" and "went a hunting [after fox] and caught none."—ED.

WHO ME, SIR?

Sirs:

Your story about the children's game of Jacqueline (E & D, July 9) brings to mind a similar but, to me, much superior game called *Prince of Paris*, already a tradition when I attended the public schools of Los Angeles in the '30s.

The Prince of Paris stood in a semicircle of players who were given such names as Red Cap, Black Cap, Yellow Cap, Green Cap and so on. The Prince of Paris would start each round by saying:

"Prince of Paris lost his cap—some say this and some say that—but I say—Red Cap!"

Red Cap: "Who me, sir?"

Prince of Paris: "Yes, you sir!"

Red Cap: "You lie, sir!"

Prince of Paris: "Who then, sir?"

Red Cap: "Green Cap, sir."

Green Cap: "Who me, sir?"

Red Cap: "Yes, you sir!" etc.

Thus it went. Each player when it came to the question of "Who then, sir?" could name any other player, including the Prince of Paris himself. Whenever a player missed the exact wording or rhythm of the prescribed dialogue, or hesitated too long, or laughed or was considered slow, he was swarmed upon by the other players and given some hearty blows.

It was truly fine sport, in its simple way, and I look back at it with fond memories.

EDWIN M. STOFFEL

Oakland, Calif.

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© Ajay

THE COMPLETEST

Sirs:

Robert Creamer's idea on selecting the All-Star squads should be widely supported, and would be a far more acceptable method than the weak one presently used. I expect that more will be heard on this proposal, and in the very near future. Joanne Jackson Bratton's frank lament was excellent, as was the CONVERSATION PRICK on Stan Musial.

As an avid reader of all publications dealing with the wonderful world of sports, your weekly presentation is digested from cover to cover. Your candid and objective reporting, coupled with the capturing of the human element in sports, provides the completest coverage possible.

I'll be looking forward to a giant Olympic issue in the fall. Hope you'll include a complete listing of all Olympic track and field records, along with the names of all those competitors expected to challenge those marks—with their top efforts.

KEVIN I. SULLIVAN

Loring AFB, Maine

● Mr. Sullivan will not be disappointed.
—ED.

A PROPOSAL

Sirs:

Your proposed plan for next year's All-Star Game voting seems workable, but complicated—a publicity man's nightmare.

However you offered no solution to Ford Frick's nightmare of counting the ballots. Here's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's chance to bat 1,000! Offer to take over the job from Frick and tabulate the votes in your office. You have a national circulation and maybe the force of five Redjacks on the team would not be repeated in the future.

FRED M. CASSIDY

Madison, Wis.

NEW USE FOR AN OLD WORD

Sirs:

Please define the word *BIOPERSE* as used in connection with the article on Stan Musial (81, July 9).

FRED L. DEAKINS

Fort Worth, Texas

● *BIOPERSE*, a natural contraction of the words biography and personality, was invented many years ago by Time, Inc.'s newbureau in wiring its correspondents in the field.—ED.

HERE'S A SUGGESTION

Sirs:

I do not make a practice of writing letters to editors, but "Rhubarbs" and *Roundell the Roman Way* (81, June 23) simply got under my skin, especially the description of the Brookline of Florence, making their own baseballs in order to show the engineers three balls to prevent forfeiture of games.

Here's a suggestion.

Why couldn't all our prosperous clubs do something to encourage these struggling ones abroad?

Let's end the quantity of wasted, slightly imperfect or used, balls to the foreign teams or to a pool for distribution. Equipment, such as gloves, bats, masks, protectors, shin-guards, that is discarded could be salvaged, repaired and sent along.

I would like to see some Readers Take Over from here.

I am a charter member of SPORTS ILLU-



"Other men talk about women in their sleep. With you it's the National League pennant race."

TRATED and enjoy everything from cover to cover. Especially the 19TH HOLE. Readers that gripe never had it so good, since SPORTS ILLUSTRATED started publication.

G. M. EATON

Los Altos, Calif.

● Readers that gripe? What about grippers that read? Them we love.—ED.

EVERY DAY IS LADIES' DAY

Sirs:

If there is another George Weiler, let me have him! His *Baseball's Roman Way* was the most chuckling article I ever read—more of him, please.

My doctor's wife and I adore baseball. I called her to see if she had the June 25 issue. She screamed and said she was never without SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Mrs. FRANK R. CAUSEY

Grovesboro, N.C.

THE ST. LOUIS GIANTS

Sirs:

Although the Supreme Court has twice ruled that baseball is not a business, we live in an era when Boston is Milwaukee, Philadelphia is Kansas City and, upon 24-hour notice, the captain of the St. Louis Cardinals is a Giant and the captain of the Giants is a Cardinal.

But as Red Schoendienst said, "New York money is as good as St. Louis money," a dictum which concurs with the much-publicized dissenting opinion of "Mr. Justice" Frank Lane who insists daily that baseball is nothing if not a business.

As a monumental struggle between the hometown heroes and the war-striped visiting villains, baseball is worth arguing over and paying for. As a purely mechanical sport in which participants choose sides, nine against nine, it is something else.

In an era of mass trading, city swapping and dropping the pilot, the illusion is fast disappearing. The Lanes, Veerks et al. may be great shakers in a proxy fight, but they are doing little good for baseball. As a Cardinal fan (with no financial entanglement) I am now left to ponder my attitude if the St. Louis Giants win the pennant.

Last year's seventh-place Cardinals were at least the lineal, if not the statistical, heirs of the Gas House Gang. But what is a Cardinal fan when you don't know what is a Cardinal?

VICTOR GOLD

Birmingham

I WISH HER WELL

Sirs:

Joanne Bratton's story of her champion husband's downfall was very moving (81, July 9). I saw Johnny fight twice and if he had had the good fortune of being handled right, Johnny would have been a great champion in his class. I guess Mrs. Bratton is right in saying that he lacked maturity, both as a fighter and man. Mrs. Bratton is a brave woman, all my best wishes are with her when she says: "We have our adorable son and each other, and I think these things continued on next page

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2—drawings by Roy Doty. 3—Mervyn Newman, Hy Paden. 4—Richard Mann. 14, 18—drawings by Roy Doty. 21—Mrs. Martin Rosenfeld. Paul Schutzen Uhl, Hy Paden. 24—drawings by Roy Doty. 30—U.P. 31, 32, 37—Hy Paden. 38, 39—Mrs. A.P. 39—Walter Bennett. DIME below. I.N.P. Paul J. Maguire. Boston Globe. A.P. 42—Robert R. Newberry. 42—I.N.P. 48—Tony Esposito. 48, 49—Mrs. Joe Schenckel. 51, 52—Mrs. Wm. 80—Susan Photograph. 51—Susan Green. 52, 53—Mrs. A.P. 54—Stanley A. Borden. 54—drawings by Anthony Bennett. 57—John F. Graham. 68—Robert S. Young.

alone are worth all of the wasted years Johnny spent in the fight ring." Does **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** have a picture of Ricky?

R. L. ROBERTS

Chicago



RICKY STRATTON

THE PENTATHLON

Sirs:

The equestrian events of the Olympic Games at Stockholm did not include the modern pentathlon, which I believe contains an equestrian event of 5,000 meters of cross-country riding. Did they have the cross-country riding of the three-day event in Stockholm and defer the rest for Australia? Or are the riders going to compete on strange horses?

MARY KAY

Las Vegas, Nev.

• Australian quarantine regulations forbade the import of horses. The complete pentathlon will be run in Melbourne, using Australian horses.—ED.

SIMPLE SURGERY

Sirs:

Just read how to remove a fishhook (Tips for the Travel, SI, July 2). How primitive can you get?

The simplest, neatest way is to run a sharp, pointed knife blade along the inside of the hook to the barb. One or two short movements will cut the tissues under the barb and then, leaving the blade where it is to cover the barb, the hook can be very neatly backed out. No sweat, no strain, no trauma.

HENRY J. VOMACKA

Sarasota, Fla.

• Fishermen not surgically inclined still prefer to push the hook through the skin and cut off the barb.—ED.

COLD COMFORT IN GREAT BRITAIN

Sirs:

I am thoroughly puzzled by Henry Longhurst's cryptic reference to the refusal of Stan Leonard and Al Balding to play in the Commonwealth vs. Britain golf

matches (SI, July 16). Why did they feel "not welcome" in England? What happened? Did Canada have any representation at all?

CLAY WHEAT

New York

• Canada was not represented. Stan Leonard and Al Balding, a couple of young Canadian pros used to the cheerful amenities of New World locker rooms, were totally unprepared for England's stark and Spartan approach toward golf. The two Canadians were far less impressed by the hoary trophies and traditions of the almost century-old Royal Liverpool Golf Club than they were by the awful weather, the unavailability of hot food and the tournament committee's neglect in reserving hotel space for Leonard. Rooms were finally found 12 miles away in Liverpool (as much a symbol of urban dreariness in English humor as Hoboken is here), but Leonard and his family soon fell into a state of brooding depression over these accommodations. Someone had scattered dead fish around the hotel door, and every night scores of trucks rumbled past their windows to the open vegetable market down the block. Under these circumstances Leonard and Balding found it hard to give of their best on the links (Balding finished 17th and Leonard failed to reach the final day). Both players were scheduled to play in the Commonwealth matches two weeks away, but the prospect of a fortnight in Liverpool was too much: the Canadians packed their bags, Leonard gave a last shuddering look at the hotel and both went home to Canada. Henry Longhurst, an eminent British golf writer who reported on the Open for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, was nonplussed. "Most young men of my acquaintance," he wrote in the London *Sunday Times*, "would give anything for a five weeks' trip, first class and free, to the New World, but the process in reverse lacks appeal. . . . Human nature has not changed much since Shakespeare wrote 'Blow, Blow, thou winter wind. . . .' Said Stan Leonard: 'I've had more fun and seen better organization in a Vancouver caddies tournament.'—ED.

AMATEUR CONFUSION

Sirs:

Enjoyed The Pikes Peak Boys (SI, July 2) but confused by some remarks in the article. I refer to the following quote: "He [Dad Unser] does commander prize money when the Unser boys win it—which they do frequently. Dad officially owns and enters all the cars the boys drive. This preserves the boys' amateur status."

By what line of reasoning can one arrive at this conclusion?

BILL MARTINEZ

Denver

• Amateur regulations are not rigidly defined in automobile racing. Although

the Unser boys receive no money for driving their father's cars, they are not amateurs by SCCA standards, which in general forbid entering competitions for prize money.—ED.

FAMILY AFFAIR

Sirs:

Dad Unser and his Pikes Peak boys was a fine story and I see they did all right. But why no picture of Uncle Louis? How did he make out on the climb?

GERALD BENDER

Phoenix, Ariz.

• Uncle Louis (see below) came in a respectable sixth.—ED.



UNCLE LOUIS UNSER AND CONGRATULANT

HOW GOOD IT ALL WAS

Sirs:

This one time I will not put it off! I have just finished *Olympians Are Your Neighbors* (SI, July 9), and it is essential that I tell you how good I thought it was.

I am not a follower of track and field, but I did watch the Olympic trials on television. As I read your article I again felt the thrill of watching Tom Courtney burst through to win his race. A few "beads of perspiration" came to my eyes when I thought of Whitfield who had tried so hard, had deserved so much and gotten so little.

DAVID MARGOLIS

Philadelphia

JUST IN CASE . . .

Sirs:

I am in a real stew over the trials out in Los Angeles.

It is beyond my understanding how truly great track and field men of Sime's and Bragg's caliber can be out of the Olympics. I am beginning to agree with some of the English writers that England has the best and fairest way of picking men for the Olympic team.

ALICE GOODWIN

New York

DON'T GIVE THEM A HARD TIME

Sirs:

It is not my contention that the three athletes qualifying in each event are actually the best in the United States, but they did come through under terrific pressure.



THE LOWES AT PEBBLE BEACH

THE LOWES

Sirs:

The Wyllies may be "ex outstanding husband-wife team in the booming sports car racing field" (*PAT ON THE BACK*, June 18), but James and Marion Lowe of Santa Cruz, California are "the outstanding husband-wife team."

Jim, in his growling Frazer-Nash, is a consistent winner in Class E and can be counted

on to finish a race in a high over-all position, beating Ferraris, Alhards, etc. with embarrassing regularity. Marion, in her Frazer-Nash (more ladylike than Jim's in sound and appearance, but strictly a man-sized car in performance), wins the ladies' races as often as she enters and has outdistanced a lot of men in our western races.

PETER L. OVERMIRE

Berkeley, Calif.

This same pressure will be present at the Olympic Games.

A team picked by a committee would result in tremendous repercussions long after the Olympic Games were completed as different localities would be up in arms because their Johnny wasn't selected.

The United States Olympic Committee would have had a hard time selecting men even in some of our so-called weak events. Take for instance the 5,000-meter run. Starting with the first performance in 1920 and ending in 1955, a grand total of 21 Americans had bettered 15 minutes for the event, according to my research, whereas this season no less than 15 runners accomplished that feat. With so many first-class athletes in each event a final elimination test has to be staged to separate three representatives from the rest of the pack.

Many thanks to Roy Terrell, who brought me a solid month of topnotch reporting.

M/Boy, ROBERT A. GILMORE, USAF
Great Falls, Mont.

WHERE IS OUR CARROT-TOPPED BOY?

Sirs:

The sports fans in North Carolina and the Atlantic Coast Conference area are heavy-hearted these days. There are no bones to pick with anyone connected with the Olympic Committee, for regulations are regulations and they are as fair for one boy as another.

Mcrow is a fine-appearing young man and a distinct credit to the track and field sport, but no one in this section would concede him or anyone else a better than 50-50 chance to beat a Dave Sims in condition. We have seen Dave really pour on the coal too many times to ask any quarter.

Other fellows have had similar heart-break, that is part of life and the test of a man, but there is still an empty feeling when we think of the boat sailing to Australia without our carrot-topped boy.

JOHN W. ROGERS

Durham, N.C.

front tooth and move to Bellingham, Washington, U.S. mind telling if he's married?

ANNIE DEKMAN

Victoria, B.C.

• Dr. Fisher is fair game.—ED.

THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE

Sirs:

I am most upset that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* should print a story about a man murdering a bear. Surely there are many, many better things to write about. . . .

MRS. EDWIN G. GRELLICH

Pittsburgh

DOCTOR VS. DENTIST

Sirs:

May I offer a question for *Jemall's Horns*? "If animals were equipped with high-powered firearms and binoculars and airplanes, how many hunters would there be?"

ARCHIE G. KRIGAN, M.D.

East Braintree, Mass.

EVERYBODY IS READY AT ST. CHARLES

Sirs:

Since our situation is not of the ordinary, I thought you might appreciate a word of approval from the students here at St. Charles Seminary. We receive *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* by mail and it really goes the rounds. Then when it has been duly read and digested, the controversial articles are reshaped, X-RAY is X-rayed, and finally (since by that time it is Thursday again) everybody is ready for your next issue.

Incidentally, if you don't think Dedlin's cartoon of the golfing Brothers (*SI*, July 2) is funny, please to yourself 19 young men (including one umpire) running from the baseball diamond and asking their already washed, combed and "casocked" friends if that "was really the five minute warning bell." You can be sure it's no joke.

ANTHONY REPAS, C.F.P.S.

Carthage, Ohio

• For a lapse of humility in one of our casocked friends, see below.—ED.

DIGNITY IN DEATH

Sirs:

The photographs of the polar bear waddling across the ice and scrambling up the pressure ridge were surely worth the doctor's trip (*White Ghost of the Ice North*, July 5). . . .

Why encourage the public to gloat over a carcass lying in its life blood, and so take from a noble animal its dignity as well as its life? . . .

J. W. FIMROLD

Denver

PAINLESS DENTISTRY

Sirs:

You admire the polar bear—I like Fisher, the dentist-hunter. Before I knock out a



"Pride goeth before the fall, Brother Jonathan."

PAT ON THE BACK

CARIN CONE

This pretty blonde high school junior from Ridgewood, N.J. has her bright blue eyes focused firmly on the Olympic Games. Carin, who learned to swim at the age of 6 as a "safety precaution," won her first national title in 1953 and, at 16, is the first to hold all four American women's backstroke crowns (100 and 200 yards, 100 and 200 meters). Two weeks ago, in the AAU meets at Tyler, Texas, she swooshed to new U.S. records of 1:14.5 for the 100 meters and 2:43.8 for the 200 meters. Her next goal: the Olympic tryouts in Detroit, August 7-10 and a trip to Melbourne.





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